

1608/720

SELECTION

OF

POEMS



IN TWO VOLUMES

A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

V O L. I.



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V O L I



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OF
POEMS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXVIII.





COLLECTI

P O E M S

IN TWO VOLUMES

SEVERAL HANDS





ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an age like the present wherein literary merit of every kind so much abounds, and is at the same time so much encouraged; many poetical performances which deserve a longer remembrance than fugitive pieces usually meet with, are daily thrown upon the public, and left to perish in oblivion. To select these from the trifling productions of the day, has ever been considered as a useful employment: and the favourable reception which Mr. DODSLEY's elegant Collection of Poems obtained from the public, is sufficient to encourage any person who has the means in his power to continue that deservedly esteemed Miscellany. Several attempts of this sort have been made, but none have acquired so much reputation as to render the present undertaking useless or unnecessary. Ten years are now elapsed since

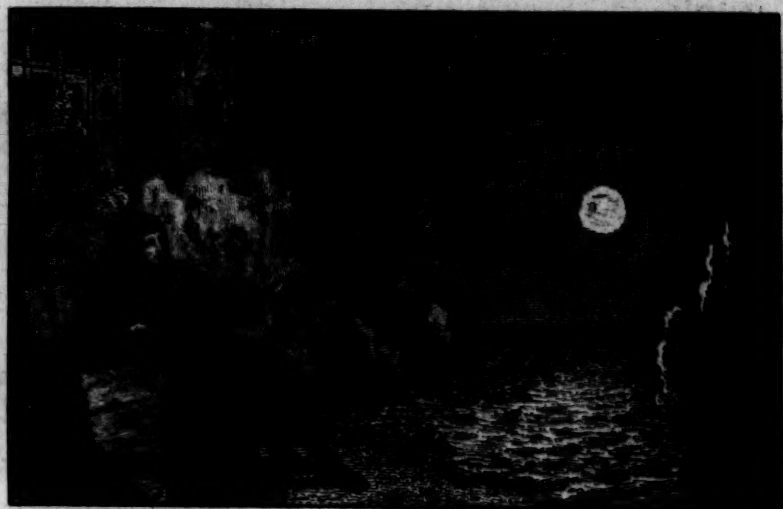
since the last volumes of that work were published, in which time it is not to be supposed that there has been so great a dearth of genius, but that many pieces have made their appearance which are not inferior to the best preserved in that Miscellany. Of the truth of this observation, the Editor appeals to the following Collection, which is compiled from the best productions published within that time, which Mr. DODSLEY had not the opportunity of seeing, with the addition of many other pieces which with all his diligence were overlooked by him. With what degree of judgment this Collection is made the Editor submits to the determination of the public; the greater part of the poetical pieces of the last thirty years have passed through his hands, and as of them the following Volumes are composed, he hopes they will not be considered as an improper Supplement to the work of which they are designed as a Continuation. He flatters himself that he has not suffered private friendship to obtrude any piece into this Collection, which is unworthy

worthy of the rest, and great care has been taken to prevent the insertion of any performance, which has not been approved by gentlemen of distinguished reputation; but as he is sensible that the taste of persons is very different, he expects not after all that every piece will meet with equal applause, being convinced of the truth of Mr.DODSLEY's observation, " That it is impossible to furnish
 " out an entertainment of this nature where
 " every part shall be relished by every guest."

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century, they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard to a friend, which contain'd the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.





Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY THE LATE

Mr. CAWTHORNE,

MASTER OF TUNBRIDGE-SCHOOL.

AH, why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions sadd'ning o'er my cell?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow?
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confest,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,

B

Bid

Bid heav'n's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmth return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming forcerefs controul,
And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where horror broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And fought to lose thy beauties in the shade,
Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove!
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me,
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,



In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
 I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
 The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
 Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
 Priests, censers, altars from thy genius fled,
 And heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
 The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
 Warm, as when first with more than mortal shine
 Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
 Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
 The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
 The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
 The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
 Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast?
 Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
 And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
 To love's dead shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
 Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
 Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms:
 No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
 Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
 Skim the last ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
 Renounce me, curse me, root thee from thy soul;
 Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God;
 And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these my wishes? can they thus aspire?
 Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?

Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
 Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
 Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
 Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
 Ah, rather let my tenderest accents move
 The last wild tumults of unholy love!
 On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
 Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
 Rouze all my passions, act my joys anew,
 Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu:
 Sleep conscience, sleep! each awful thought be drown'd,
 And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
 What means this pause, this agonizing start?
 This glimpse of heaven quick-rushing thro' my heart?
 Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd,
 A wounded saviour bleeds along the shade;
 Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
 Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky:
 O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
 And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours! when guiltless of a stain,
 My strong'd plum'd genius throb'd in every vein,
 When warm'd with all th'Ægyptian fanes inspir'd,
 All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
 My merit in its full meridian shone,
 Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
 Return, ye scenes! ah no, from fancy fly,
 On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,

Eternal

Eternal fly, since all that learning gave
 Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
 To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
 And left my laurels withering in the shade.
 Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
 Grasped her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
 Thy stronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move,
 Each faint, each blest insensible to love,
 At once my soul from bright ambition won,
 I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone;
 No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
 Insipid dulness hung on every page;
 The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
 No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
 Thy glances bade philosophy resign
 Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
 Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
 Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
 Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
 Mis-shapen rocks, wild images of woe,
 For ever howling to the deeps below;
 Ungenial deserts, where no vernal shower
 Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flower;
 Th' imbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
 The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
 The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
 O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;

Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
 Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, despair,
 Conspire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
 To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, fightless god of warm desire!
 Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
 Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
 Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow?
 Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
 Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
 Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
 Where every moment steals the wing of joy;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
 Devoted slaves and victims all thy own:
 Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
 And kings command whole hetacombs to blaze.

O memory! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
 Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
 What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 An heart that panted to be still a slave!
 When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
 Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame;
 From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
 My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
 There, while these venerable cloisters rise
 O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,

My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
 O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
 Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
 Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
 With ceaseless prayers, the whole artillery giv'n
 To win the mercies of offended heav'n,
 Each hill, made vocal, echo'd all around,
 While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
 Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly
 Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh;
 Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
 The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
 Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
 Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
 My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
 And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms, that wrap the midnight sky,
 My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
 For ever rises in the solar ray,
 A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
 Where-e'er I go, the visionary guest
 Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
 Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
 Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
 While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
 I hear her softer accents in the sound;
 Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
 And heaven much-injur'd has but half my prayer:

No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew:
When, with keen speechless ecstasies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowd'd on my view;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the shade,
Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested

Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
 How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
 Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
 Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
 Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
 A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
 No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill,
 Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
 My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
 And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
 Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
 With all their savage mysteries of woe;
 Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
 The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
 To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
 Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
 Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
 Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
 Ye martyrs! bless me, and ye saints! refine,
 Ye sacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
 Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
 Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
 Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
 Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
 O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
 And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
 While awful reason whispers in the friend;

Friend,

Friend, did I say? immortals! what a name?
 Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame?
 No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
 Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
 Whose warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd song
 Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
 Now strongly rouse, while heaven his zeal inspires,
 Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
 Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
 And teach that snowy breast to heave no more:

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
 By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
 To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
 And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
 Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
 Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
 Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
 From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
 Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
 Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
 Ye heavens! if, to this tender bosom woo'd
 Thy meer idea harrows up my blood;
 If one faint glimpse of Eloisa can move
 The fiercest, wildest agonies of love;
 What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
 Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
 Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an abbess in thy heart;

See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
 Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
 Yon pious maids each earthly with disown,
 Kifs the dread cross, and croud upon the throne:
 O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
 Their warmth inspirit, and their virtues mend;
 Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
 The seraph's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
 To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
 In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way,
 Till all the glories of the blest abode
 Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
 While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
 And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
 Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
 In the soft image of the mystic dove;
 The long-lost gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
 Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
 At once remove affliction from thy breast,
 Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
 Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
 O that some angel's more than magic art
 Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
 Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
 No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
 Vain fruitless wish! still, still, the vigorous flame
 Bursts, like an earthquake, thro' my shatter'd frame;

Spite

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
 I feel but thee, and breath not but to love;
 Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
 Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heaven.

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
 Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky;
 Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
 Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
 And when, low bending at the hallow'd shrine,
 Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
 When pitying heaven, impatient to forgive,
 Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live;
 Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
 And ask the same immortal boon for me.
 Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
 And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
 When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
 And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
 When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
 Or creeping dully flow from vein to vein,
 Pale death shall set my kindred spirit free,
 And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
 Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
 Like ours, in sad similitude of woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
 Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
 Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
 And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Mean

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,
 Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal plain,
 To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
 Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire ;
 There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
 No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
 Enjoy with heav'n eternity of rest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

D E A T H:

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

I.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
 Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
 Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow,
 Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
 Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
 Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
 From folly's croud, whose vacant brow serene
 Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
 Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
 Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
 Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,
 Lonely to wander; no unholy guest,
 That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
 The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

II. Permit

II.

Permit me with sad musings, that inspire
 Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence dear
 Blameless to wake, and with th' Orphean lyre
 Fitly attemper'd, sooth the merc'less ear
 Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
 Great nature owns through all her wide domain;
 All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
 Through the green bosom of the spawnly main,
 And those that to the streaming æther spread;
 In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
 And those that creep; and those that statelier tread,
 That roam o'er forest, hill, or browed dale;
 The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;
 E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
 That startle from the sleepful lid of light
 The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
 Of Bacchus, and the loud jollity, affright
 Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
 These many windowed isles her glimmering beam;
 Know, that or e'er its starr'd career along
 Thrice shall have roll'd her silv'ry-wheeled team,
 Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
 To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll;
 E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
 Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
 E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
 Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected death.

IV. Know

IV.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
 Some few, some short-liv'd years ; and all is past ;
 A future bard these awful domes may see,
 Muse o'er the present age as I the last ;
 Who mould'ring in the grave, yet once like you
 The various maze of life were seen to tread,
 Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
 As custom urg'd or wilful nature led ;
 Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,
 The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie ;
 No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
 No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
 Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
 And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

V.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
 Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught
 From the well-pencill'd portraiture to start
 The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought !
 Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance
 The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
 Struck language : dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
 All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.
 Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung
 The warrior arm : where sleeps the patriot breast
 Whilom that heav'd impassion'd ! Where the tongue
 That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring crest
 Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew
 Giant oppression, leagued with all her earth-born crew !

VI. These

VI.

These now are past ; long, long, ye fleeting years
 Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
 Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
 The dawn of that inevitable day,
 When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest friend
 The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
 When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
 His Britain, and bewail one patriot more ;
 For soon must thou, too soon ! who spreadst abroad
 Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
 Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
 To scatter blessings over humankind,
 Thou too must fall, O Pitt ! to shine no more,
 And tread these dreadful paths, a Faulkland trod before.

VII.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
 Sweep discontinuous o'er the etherial plain ;
 Another still upon another crouds,
 All hast'ning downward to their native main.
 Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career
 Man's fleeting age ; the seasons as they flie
 Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
 Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
 The parent ever-honor'd, ever-dear,
 Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh ;
 A brother's urn demands the kindred tear ;
 And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
 To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom
 Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII. Who

VIII.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,
 Shall heav'n to me the drear abode assign !
 How soon the past irrevocable lot
 Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.
 Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn
 Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian wave,
 Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock ^a, shall mourn
 To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
 No more the social leisure to divide,
 In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
 Blithe or of graver brow ; no more to chide
 The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
 Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
 Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day:

IX.

Ah dearest youth ! these vows perhaps unheard,
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main ;
 These prayers at friendship's holy shrine preferr'd
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
 Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
 The mournful tribute of memorial verse.—

^a Francis Marquis of Tavistock, only son to the Duke of Bedford. His death which happened on the 22d of March, 1767, was occasioned by a fall from his horse a few days before. Mr. Emily, was Fellow of Trinity-College Cambridge, and had been Tutor to the Marquis. He died in the year 1762, being then major of the Surry militia.

That leave to heaven's decision—Be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue
 Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

X.

'Twas she thy God-like Russell's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 Wolf's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
 From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
 'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,
 Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented Armytage^b!—the bleeding youth!—
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids; and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
 Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

XI.

Better to die with glory, than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In monkish apathy and gowned ease.

^b Sir John Armytage, Member of Parliament for the City of York,
 who was killed at St. Cas, in the year 1758.

Better employ'd in honor's bright career
 The least division on the dials round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground ;
 Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
 The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases fore
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
 Hang ever thro' the sick circumfluous air,
 All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound.
 There the swol'n hydrops stands, the watry rheum,
 The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous scale ;
 And moping-ever in the cloister'd gloom
 Of learned sloth, the bookish asthma pale :
 And the shun'd hag unfightly, that ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,
 O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge abhorr'd,
 Shakes threat'ning ; since the while she wing'd her flight
 From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-clad height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing stone,
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,

Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
 Of nerveless palsy; there on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
 Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
 There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight c,
 The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
 Self-wasting melancholy, black as night
 Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous howl
 The dog hydrophoby, and near allied
 Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring
 wide.

XIV.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine d,
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and smould'ring fires;
 He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
 E'er while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,
 Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
 He struck the rocking ground, with thund'rous roar
 Yawn'd; here from street to street hurries, and there
 Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours amain,
 Staring distraction: many a palace fair,
 With millions sinks ingulpht, and pillar'd fane;
 Old Ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
 Even Albion trembled conscious on his steadfast rock.

c Placed.

d Alluding to the earthquake at Lisbon.

XV.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
 Stern war ; and the loath'd monster, whom of yore
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood

Engend'ring, to the bright hair'd Phœbus bore,
 Foul pestilence, that on the wide stretch'd wings

Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
 His westring flight, and thro' the sick air flings

Spotted contagion ; at his heels dismay

And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke

Terrible ; as long of old, when from the height
 Of Paran came unwrath'd the Mightiest, shook

Earth's firm fixt base tott'ring ; thro' the black night
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings : heav'ns rent roof abroad

Thunder'd ; and universal nature felt its God.

XVI.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour

Of roused indignation, shall withstand

Th' Almighty, when he meditates to show'r

The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land !

Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,

Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst gore

With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side

Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore ?

Canst thou confront, with steadfast eye unaw'd,

The sworded judgment stalking far and near ?

Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God

Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—

Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath ;

And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearless—they alone
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave :
 Thrice happy ! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death ;
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
 His better actions ; to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems : he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breaths out his benizons ; then with a smile
 Of soft complacence, lays him down to rest,
 Calm as the slumb'ring infant : from the goal
 Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

XVIII.

Whether some delegated charge below,
 Some much-lov'd friend its hov'ring care may claim,
 Whether it heav'nward soars, again to know
 That long forgotten country whence it came ;
 Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Through speculation's puzz'ling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace with reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright ;
 In vain ; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of th' swallow's flight.
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM:

ADDRESSED TO

T W O L A D I E S*,

AT THEIR RETURN FROM VIEWING THE MINES NEAR
WHITEHAVEN.

BY DR. DALTON.

WELCOME to light, advent'rous pair!
Thrice welcome to the balmy air
From sulph'rous damps in caverns deep*,
Where subterraneous thunders sleep,

* Miss Lowthers, daughters of the late Lord Lonsdale.

* From sulphurous damps, &c.] The coal mines near Whitehaven are greatly infested with fulminating damps; large quantities of them being frequently collected in those deserted works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air: and, in such works, they often remain for a long time, without doing any mischief. But when, by some accident, they are set on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very destructive to the miners; and bursting out of the pits with great impetuosity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air.

Or, wak'd, with dire Ætnæan sound
 Bellow the trembling mountain round,
 Till to the frightened realms of day
 Thro' flaming mouths they force their way ;
 From bursting streams ^f, and burning rocks,
 From nature's fierce intestine shocks ;
 From the dark mansions of despair
 Welcome once more to light and air !

But why explore that world of night
 Conceal'd till then from female sight ?
 Such grace and beauty why confine
 One moment to a dreary mine ?

Was it because your curious eye
 The secrets of the earth would spy,
 How intervein'd rich minerals glow,
 How bubbling fountains learn to flow ?

Or rather that the sons of day
 Already own'd your rightful sway,
 And therefore, like young Ammon, you
 Another world would fain subdue ?

^f *From bursting streams, &c.*] The coal in these mines hath, several times, been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and hath continued burning for many months ; until large streams of water were conducted into the mines, and suffered to fill those parts where the coal was on fire. By such fires, several collieries have been intirely destroyed ; of which there are instances near Newcastle, and in other parts of England, and in the shire of Fife in Scotland ; in some of which places, the fire has continued burning for ages. But more mines have been ruined by inundations.

What

What tho' sage Prospero attend,
 While you the cavern'd hill descend,
 Tho', warn'd by him, with bended head
 You shun the shelving roof, and tread
 With cautious foot the rugged way,
 While tapers strive to mimic day?
 Tho' he with hundred gates and chains
 The Demons of the mine restrains ‡,
 To whom their parent, jealous earth,
 To guard her hidden stores gave birth,
 At which, while kindred furies sung,
 With hideous joy pale Orcus rung;
 Tho' boiling with vain rage they fit
 Fix'd to the bottom of the pit,
 While at his beck the spi'rits of air
 With breath of heaven their taints repair;
 Or if they seek superior skies,
 Thro' ways assign'd by him they rise,
 Troop after troop at day expire
 In torments of perpetual fire;

‡ *The demons of the mine restrains, &c.*] In order to prevent, as much
 as possible, the collieries from being filled with those pernicious damps,
 it has been found necessary carefully to search for those crevices in the
 coal, from whence they issue out; and at those places, to confine
 them within a narrow space; and from those narrow spaces in which they
 are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air;
 where being set on fire, they consume in perpetual flames, as they conti-
 nually arise out of the earth.

Tho'

Tho' he with fury-quelling charms
 The whole infernal host disarms,
 And summons ^h to your guarded sides
 A squadron of etherial guides,
 You still, when we together view
 The dreadful enterprize and you,
 The public care and wonder go
 Of all above and all below.

For at your prefence toil is o'er,
 The restless miner works no more.
 Nor strikes the flint ⁱ, nor whirls the steel
 Of that strange spark-emitting wheel,

^h *And summons, &c.*] Those who have the direction of these deep and extensive works, are obliged to use great care and art in keeping them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air; which afford the miners a constant supply of that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with such other burnt and foul air, as is become poisonous and unfit for respiration.

ⁱ *Nor strikes the flint, &c.*] It having been observed, by Mr. Spedding, who superintends these collieries, and to whom the author here gives the name of Prospero, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be set on fire by red-hot iron, not by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel, he invented a machine, in which while a steel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints are applied thereto, great plenty of fiery sparks are emitted, that afford the miners such a light as enables them to carry on their work in close places, where the flame of a candle, or lamp, would occasion dreadful explosions. Without some invention of this sort, the working of these mines, so greatly annoyed with these inflammable damps, would long ago have been impracticable.

Which,

Which, form'd by Prospero's magic care,
 Plays harmless in the sulphurous air,
 Without a flame diffuses light,
 And makes the grisly cavern bright.
 His task secure the miner plies,
 Nor hears Tartarian tempests rise;
 But quits it now, and hastes away
 To this great Stygian holiday.

Agape the footy collier stands,
 His axe suspended in his hands,
 His Æthiopian teeth the while
 " Grin horrible a ghastly smile,"
 To see two goddeffes so fair
 Descend to him from fields of air.
 Not greater wonder seiz'd th' abode
 Of gloomy Dis, infernal god,
 With pity when th' Orphean lyre
 Did ev'ry iron heart inspire,
 Sooth'd tortur'd ghosts with heav'nly strains,
 And respited eternal pains.

But on you move^k thro' ways less steep
 To loftier chambers of the deep,

Whose

^k *But on you move, &c.*] The reader may suppose that he hath entered these mines by the opening at the bottom of a hill, and hath already passed through a long adit, hewn in the rock, and arched over with brick, which is the principal road into them for men, and for horses; and which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal. Being arrived

Whose jetty pillars seem to groan
 Beneath a ponderous roof of stone.
 Then with increasing wonder gaze
 The dark inextricable maze,
 Where cavern crossing cavern meets,
 (City of subterraneous streets!)
 Where in a triple ¹ story end
 Mines that o'er mines by flights ascend.
 But who in order can relate
 What terrors still your steps await?
 How issuing from the sulphurous coal
 Thick Acherontic rivers ^m roll?
 How in close center of these mines,
 Where orient morning never shines,

at the coal, he may suppose himself still to descend, by ways less steep, till, after a journey of a mile and a half, he arrives at the profoundest parts of the mine. The greatest part of this descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal being cut away except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards square at the base; such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof.

¹ *A triple story, &c.*] There are here three strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance one above another. The mines wrought in these parallel strata have a communication by pits, and are compared by the author to the different stories of a building.

^m *Thick Acherontic rivers, &c.*] The water that flows from the coal is collected into one stream, which runs towards the fire-engines. This water is yellow and turbid, from a mixture of ocher, and so very corrosive, that it quickly consumes iron.

Nor the wing'd zephyrs e're resort,
 Infernal darknefs holds her court ?
 How, breathlefs, with faint pace, and flowⁿ,
 Thro' her grim fultry realm you go,
 Till purer rifing gales difpenfe
 Their cordials to the fick'ning fenfe ?
 Your progrefs next the wondering mufe
 Thro' narrow galleries purfues ;
 Where earth^o, the miner's way to clofe,
 Did once the mafsy rock oppofe :

In

ⁿ *How, breathlefs, with faint pace, and flow, &c.*] Those who defcend into thefe mines, find them moft clofe and fultry in the middle parts, that are moft remote from the pits and adits, and perceive them to grow cooler the nearer they approach to thofe pits which are funk to the deepeft parts of the mines ; down which pits, large freams of frefh air are made to defcend, and up which, the water is drawn out, by means of fire-engines.

^o *Where earth, &c.*] The vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the fame inclined plain, but, inftead thereof, the miners frequently meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progrefs. At fuch places there feem to have been breaks in the earth, from the furface downwards ; one part of the earth feeming to have funk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its antient fituation. In fome of thefe places, the earth may have funk ten or twenty fathoms, or more ; in other places, lefs than one fathom. Thefe breaks, the miners call Dykes ; and when they come at one of them, their firft care is to difcover whether the ftrata in the part adjoining be higher or lower than in the part where they have been working ; or, (to ufe their own terms) whether the coal be caft down, or caft up. If it be caft down, they funk

a pit

In vain : his daring axe he heaves,
 Tow'ards the black vein a passage cleaves :
 Dissever'd by the nitrous blast,
 The stubborn barrier bursts at last.
 Thus, urg'd by hunger's clam'rous call,
 Incessant labour conquers all.

In spacious rooms once more you tread,
 Whose roofs^P with figures quaint o'erspread
 Wild nature paints with various dyes,
 With such as tinge the evening skies.

A different scene to this succeeds :
 The dreary road abruptly leads
 Down to the cold and humid caves,
 Where hissing fall the turbid waves.
 Resounding deep thro' glimmering shades
 The clank of chains your ears invades.
 Thro' pits profound from distant day,
 Scarce travels down light's languid ray.
 High on huge axis heav'd, above,
 See ballanc'd beams unweary'd move !

a pit to it; but if it be cast up to any considerable height, they are oftentimes obliged, with great labour and expence, as at the place here described, to carry forwards a level or long gallery through the rock, until they again arrive at the stratum of coal.

^P *Whose roofs, &c.*] These colours, with which the free-stone roof of the mines is beautifully variegated in many places, and which have the appearance of clouds, seem to proceed from exsudations of salts, ocher, and other earthy substances.

While

While pent within the iron womb^a
 Of boiling caldrons pants for room
 Expanded stream, and shrinks, or swells,
 As cold restrains, or heat impells,

^a *While pent within the iron womb, &c.*] The author hath here taken occasion to celebrate the fire-engine, the invention of which does such honour to this nation. He has endeavoured to describe, in a poetic manner, the effects of the elastic steam, and the great power of the atmosphere; which, by their alternate actions, give force and motion to the beam of this engine, and by it, to the pump-rods, which elevate the water through tubes, and discharge it out of the mine. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horses, to work the pumps of one of the largest fire-engines now in use, (the diameter of whose cylinder is seventy inches) and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this size constantly at work. And that as much water may be raised by an engine of this size kept constantly at work, as can be drawn up by 2520 men with rollers and buckets, after the manner now daily practised in many mines; or as much as can be borne up on the shoulders of twice that number of men; as is said to be done in some of the mines of Peru.—So great is the power of the air in one of those engines.

There are four fire-engines belonging to this colliery; which, when all at work, discharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at thirteen strokes; 1,768,320 gallons every twenty-four hours. By the four engines here employed, nearly twice the above-mentioned quantity of water might be discharged from mines that are not above sixty or seventy fathoms deep, which depth is rarely exceeded in the Newcastle collieries, or in any of the English collieries, those of Whitehaven excepted.

The reader may find an account of Savery's engine in Harris's *Lexicon Technicum*.—Many great improvements have been made to it since, and

And,

And, ready for the vacant space,
 Incumbent Air resumes his place,
 Depressing with stupendous force
 Whate'er resists his downward course,
 Pumps moved by rods from ponderous beams
 Arrest the unsuspecting streams,
 Which soon a sluggish pool would lie ;
 Then spout them foaming to the sky.

Sagacious Savery ! taught by thee
 Discordant elements agree,
 Fire, water, air, heat, cold unite,
 And listed in one service fight,
 Pure streams to thirsty cities send,
 Or deepest mines from floods defend.
 Man's richest gift thy work will shine ;
 Rome's aqueducts were poor to thine !

At last the long descent is o'er ;
 Above your heads the billows roar ⁿ :

High

are daily making ; several of which are related in the Philosophical Transactions. The best account of it, its various improvement and uses, is, I think, in Dr. Defaguliers's course of experimental philosophy, vol. II.

^r *Above your heads, &c.*] The mines are here sunk to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where there is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden. These are the deepest coal-mines that have hitherto been wrought ; and perhaps the miners have not in any other part of the globe, penetrated to so great a depth below the surface of the sea ; the very deep

High o'er your heads they roar in vain ;
 Not all the furies of the main
 The dark recess can e're disclose,
 Rocks heap'd on rocks th' attempt oppose ;
 Thrice Dover's cliff from you the tides
 With interposing roof divides !

From such abyss restor'd to light,
 Invade no more the realms of night.
 For heroines it may well suffice
 Once to have left these azure skies.
 Heroes themselves, in days of yore,
 Bold as they were, atchiev'd no more.
 Without a dread descent you may
 The mines in their effects survey,
 And with an easy eye look down
 On that fair port and happy town.

Where late along the naked strand,
 The fisher's cot did lonely stand,
 And his poor bark unshelter'd lay,
 Of every swelling surge the prey,
 Now lofty piers their arms extend,
 And with their strong embraces bend
 Round crowded fleets, which safe defy
 All storms that rend the wintry sky,

deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elsewhere, being situated in mountainous countries, where the surface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean.

D

And

And bulwarks beyond bulwarks chain
 The fury of the roaring main.
 The peopled vale fair dwellings fill,
 And length'ning streets ascend the hill ;
 Where industry intent to thrive,
 Brings all her honey to the hive,
 Religion strikes with rev'rent awe,
 Example works th' effect of law,
 And plenty's flowing cup we see
 Untainted yet by luxury.

These are the glories of the mine !
 Creative commerce, these are thine !

Here while delighted you impart
 Delight to every eye and heart,
 Behold, grown jealous of your stay,
 Your native stream * his charms display,
 To court you to his banks again ;
 Now wind in wanton waves his train,
 Now spread into a chrystal plain ;
 Then hid by pendent rocks would steal,
 But tuneful falls his course reveal,
 As down the bending vale he roves
 Thro' Yanwath woods, and Buckholme's groves ;
 Whose broad o'erspreading boughs beneath
 Warbling he flows, while zephyrs breathe.
 Here softly swells the spacious lawn,
 Where bounds the buck, and skips the fawn,

* *Your native stream, &c.*] The river Lowther.

Or, couch'd beneath the hawthorn-trees,
In dappled groups enjoy the breeze.

Amid yon sunny plain, alone,
To patriarchal rev'rence grown,
An oak for many an age has stood
Himself a widely waving wood,
While men and herds, with swift decay,
Race after race, have pass'd away.
See still his central trunk sustain
Huge boughs, which round o'erhang the plain,
And hospitable shade inclose,
Where flocks and herds at ease repose !

There the brown fells ascend the sky,
Below, the green inclosures lye ;
Along their sloping sides supine
The peaceful villages recline :
On azure roofs † bright sun-beams play,
And make the meanest dwelling gay.
Thus oft the wise all-ruling mind
Is to the lowly cottage kind,
Bids there his beams of favour fall,
While sorrow crouds the lofty hall,
That this may fear his awful frown,
And grateful that his goodness own.

If, grown familiar to the sight,
Lowther itself should less delight,

† *On azure roofs, &c.*] The houses of this country are covered with a beautiful blue slate.

Then change the scene : to nature's pride,
Sweet " Kefwick's vale, the muse will guide.

The

" *Sweet Kefwick's vale, &c.*] This delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr. Brown in a letter to a friend. " In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Kefwick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

" Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Kefwick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivelet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morafs, and brushwood. But at Kefwick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landskip of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed; and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached: on these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic, as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming

The muse, who trod th' enchanted ground,
 Who sail'd the wond'rous lake around,

With

ing noble bays and promontories : in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales, and beyond these at various distance, mountain rising over mountain ; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity.

Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
 And pictures things unseen.——

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances, beauty, horror, and immensity united ; the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little : nature having left it almost a desert : neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills admit magnificence ; but to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Pouffin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steepes, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls ; while the grand pencil of Pouffin should crown the whole, with the majesty of the impending mountains.

“ So much, for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect : the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view : now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beauti-

With you will haste once more to hail
The beaut'ous brook of Borrodale.

From

fully dreadful ; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun ; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre ; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate : the natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing : the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass and cornfields : these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs ; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills : at others, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace ; when the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder ; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea : but in calm weather the whole scene becomes new : the lake is a perfect mirror ; and the landscape in all its beauty : islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself ; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet ; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it ; for here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen : and rising
behind

From savage parent gentle stream !
 Be thou the muse's favourite theme :
 O soft insinuating glide
 Silent along the meadow's side,
 Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass
 Resplendent all thro' fluid glass,
 Unless upon thy yielding breast
 Their painted head the lillies rest,
 To where in deep capacious bed
 The widely liquid lake is spread.

Let other streams rejoice to roar
 Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore *,
 Rush raving on with boist'rous sweep,
 And foaming rend the frightened deep,
 Thy gentle genius shrinks away
 From such a rude unequal fray ;
 Thro' thine own native dale, where rise
 Tremendous rocks amid the skies,

behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more ; which is, that a walk by still moon-light (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, open such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

* *Of dread Lodore, &c.*] A very high cascade here falls into the lake of Derwentwater, near where Borrodale-beck (or brook) enters into it, as is described above.

Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
 Till they the smoothest channel find,
 Soften the horrors of the scene,
 And thro' confusion flow serene.

Horrors like these at first alarm,
 But soon with savage grandeur charm
 And raise to noblest thought the mind :
 Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd,
 The craggy cliff, impendent wood,
 Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood,
 The gloomy clouds, which solemn fail.
 Scarce lifted by the languid gale
 O'er the cap'd hill, and darken'd vale ;
 The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,
 Which round th' aerial ocean rove,
 And, floating on the billowy sky,
 With full expanded pennons fly,
 Their flutt'ring or their bleating prey
 Thence with death-dooming eye survey ;
 Channels by rocky torrents torn ^y,
 Rocks to the lake in thunder born,
 Or such as o'er our heads appear
 Suspended in their mid career,

^y *Channels by rocky torrents torn, &c.*] For an account of an extraordinary storm in a part of this country, called St. John's vale, by which numerous fragments of rocks were driven down from the mountains, along with cataracts of water, see a letter from Cockermouth, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of October, 1754.

To

To start again at his command,
 Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
 I view with wonder and delight,
 A pleasing, tho' an awful sight:
 For, seen with them, the verdant isles
 Soften with more delicious smiles,
 More tempting twine their op'ning bow'rs,
 More lively glow the purple flow'rs,
 More smoothly slopes the border gay,
 In fairer circle bends the bay,
 And last, to fix our wand'ring eyes,
 Thy roofs, O Kewick, brighter rise
 The lake and lofty hills between,
 Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.

Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail!
 To whom all Britain sinks a vale!
 Lo, his imperial brow I see
 From foul usurping vapours free!
 'Twere glorious now his side to climb,
 Boldly to scale his top sublime,
 And thence—my muse, these slights forbear,
 Nor with wild raptures tire the fair.
 Hills, rocks, and dales have been too long
 The subject of thy rambling song.
 Far other scenes their minds employ,
 And move their hearts with softer joy.
 For pleasures they need never roam,
 Theirs with affection dwells at home.

Thrice

Thrice happy they at home to prove
 A parent's and a brother's love,
 Her bright example pleas'd to trace,
 Learn ev'ry virtue ev'ry grace,
 Which lustre give in female life
 To daughter, sister, parent, wife ;
 Grateful to see her guardian care
 A tender father's loss repair,
 And, rising far o'er grief and pain,
 The glories of her race maintain.

Their antient seats let others fly,
 To strole beneath a foreign sky,
 Or loit'ring in their villas stay,
 Till useless summers waste away,
 While, hopeless of their lord's return,
 The poor exhausted tenants mourn ;
 From Lowther she disdains to run
 To bask beneath a southern sun,
 Opens the hospitable door,
 Welcomes the friend, relieves the poor ;
 Bids tenants share the lib'ral board,
 And early know and love their lord,
 Whose courteous deeds to all extend,
 And make each happy guest a friend.
 To smiling earth the grateful main
 Thus gives her gather'd streams again
 In show'rs on hill and dale and plain.

O may the virtues, which adorn
 With modest beams his rising morn,
 Unclouded grow to perfect day !
 May he with bounty's brightest ray
 The natives chear, enrich the soil,
 With arts improve, reward their toil,
 Glad with kind warmth our northern sky,
 And gen'rous Lonsdale's loss supply.



E P I S T L

T O T H E

Right Hon^{ble}. the Lord Viscount BEAUCHAMPEL

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXV-VI.

BY THE SAME.

MY LORD,

"WHAT is Nobility?" you wish to know,
 The real substance stripp'd of all its show:
 And can you then the honest freedom bear
 Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear?
 Or shall I say—"Such beauty, birth, estate,
 "Must make their owner lov'd, and make him great!

"Above

" Above the mean restraint of vulgar rules,
 " Your will a law, plebeians but your tools,
 " While mingling with your blood each honour flows,
 " And in each pulse a Percy's ardor glows?"—

Not so the muse: she teaches you to know,
 How vain those honours, you to others owe!
 Who rise to glory, must by virtue rise,
 'Tis in the mind all genuine greatness lies:
 On that eternal base, on that alone,
 The world's esteem you build, and more—your own.

Tho' Percy, Seymour, mighty names! combine
 To swell your blood, to dignify your line;
 For you tho' fortune all her stores has spread,
 And beauty points to pleasure's rosy bed;
 Yet what avail birth, beauty, fortune's store,
 The plume of title, and the pride of pow'r,
 If deaf to virtue, deaf to honour's call,
 To tyrant vice a wretched slave you fall?
 To vice, paternal laurels you must yield;
 Revers'd each triumph, lost each purple field,
 Your fires no more their captive foes detain,
 You pay the ransom, and you break the chain;
 No more your high-descended fame we view,
 No Hartford fought, no Percy bled for you.

I know, my lord, ambition fills your mind,
 And in life's voyage is th' impelling wind;
 But at the helm, let sober reason stand,
 And steer the bark, with heav'n-directed hand:

So shall you safe ambition's gales receive,
 And ride securely, tho' the billows heave ;
 So shall you shun the giddy hero's fate,
 And by her influence be both good and great.

She bids you first, in life's soft vernal hours,
 With active industry, wake nature's pow'rs ;
 With rising years, still rising arts display ;
 With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.

'Tis now the time young passion to command,
 While yet the pliant stem obeys the hand ;
 Guide now the courser with a steady rein,
 Ere yet he bounds o'er pleasure's flow'ry plain :
 In passion's strife, no medium you can have ;
 You rule a master, or submit a slave.

" For whom these toils, you may perhaps enquire ; "

First for your self : next nature will inspire,
 The filial thought, fond wish and kindred tear,
 Which make the parent and the sister dear :
 To these, in closest bands of love, ally'd,
 Their joy or grief you live, their shame or pride :
 Hence timely learn to make their bliss your own,
 And scorn to think or act for self alone ;
 Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
 Their honour, grandeur, dignity, and praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
 Of family, ambition searches round ;
 Searches to find the friend's delightful face,
 The friend at least demands the second place.

And

And yet beware: for most desire a friend
 From meaner motives, not for virtue's end.
 There are, who with fond favour's fickle gale
 Now sudden swell, and now contract their sail;
 This week devour, the next with sick'ning eye
 Avoid, and cast the fully'd play-thing by;
 There are, who, tossing in the bed of vice,
 For flattery's opiate give the highest price;
 Yet from the saving hand of friendship turn,
 Her med'cines dread, her gen'rous offers spurn.
 Deserted greatness! who but pities thee?
 By crowds encompass'd, thou no friend canst see:
 Or should kind truth invade thy tender ear,
 We pity still; for thou no truth canst hear.
 Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to swell an useless state,
 Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great;
 For friends ne'er mixing in ambitious strife,
 For friends, the richest furniture of life!

Be your's, my lord, a nobler, higher aim,
 Your pride to burn with friendship's sacred flame;
 By virtue kindl'd, by like manners fed,
 By mutual wishes, mutual favors spread,
 Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
 Pour all its boundless ardors thro' your mind.
 Be your's the care a chosen band to gain;
 With them to glory's radiant summit strain,
 Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
 Who best, who bravest, shall assist his friend.

Thus still should private friendships spread around,
 Till in their joint embrace the public's found,
 The common friend!—then all her good explore,
 Explor'd, pursue with each unbiass'd pow'r.
 But chief the greatest should her laws revere,
 Ennobling honours, which she bids them wear.
 A British noble is a dubious name,
 Of lowest infamy, or highest fame:
 Born to redress an injur'd orphan's cause,
 To smoothe th' unequal frown of rigid laws;
 To stand an isthmus of our well-mix'd state,
 Where rival pow'rs with restless billows beat,
 And from each side alike the flury fling,
 Of madd'ning commons, or incroaching king.
 How mean, who scorns his country's sacred voice!
 By birth a patriot, but a slave by choice.
 How great, who answers this illustrious end,
 Whom prince and people call their equal friend!
 " Yes, there I'll rest; ambition toils no more,
 " That goal attain'd, sure her long race is o'er."
 Alas! 'tis scarce begun; ambition smiles
 At the poor limits of the British isles;
 She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
 Expands with christian charity the mind,
 And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
 Her country all beneath one ambient sky;
 Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,

To

To whom one sun impartial gives the day,
 To whom the silver moon her milder ray,
 Whom the same water, earth, and air sustain,
 O'er whom one parent-king extends his reign,
 Are her compatriots all; by her belov'd,
 In nature near, tho' far by space remov'd;
 On common earth, no foreigner she knows;
 No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes:
 Ready she stands her chearful aid to lend,
 To want and woe an undemanded friend;
 Nor thus advances others blifs alone;
 But in the way to theirs still finds her own.
 Theirs is her own. What, should your taper light
 Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright?
 "Men are ungrateful."—Be they so, that dare!
 Is that the giver's, or receiver's care?
 Oh! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
 To think, those e're repent whose hearts bestow!
 Man to his maker thus best homage pays,
 Thus peaceful walks thro' virtue's pleasing ways:
 Her gentle image on the soul impress'd,
 Bids each tempestuous passion leave the breast:
 Thence with her livid self-devouring snakes
 Pale envy flies; her quiver slander breaks:
 Thus falls (dire scourge of a distracted age!)
 The knave-led, one-ey'd monster, party-rage.
 Ambition jostles with her friends no more;
 Nor thirsts revenge to drink a brother's gore;

Fury-remorse no stinging scorpions rears ;
 O'er trembling guilt no falling sword appears.
 Hence conscience, void of blame, her front erects,
 Her God she fears, all other fear rejects.
 Hence just ambition boundless splendors crown,
 And hence she calls eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd ^z Scipio past his glorious days,
 Blest with his kindred's, friend's, and country's praise.
 Nor ended there the human hero's thought,
 Nor in the Roman was the man forgot ;
 In the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
 He doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
 The world's great patriot he !—by fame inspir'd,
 His youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd ;
 He thro' Rome's sons the brave contagion spread,
 Now led to conquest, now to wisdom led ;
 Pleas'd, or to still the forum's civil roar,
 Or muse, Cajeta, on thy bending shore ;
 Free from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
 To taste a friend amid the rural shade :
 There deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
 There deep thro' time his country's fate surveys,
 While from his tongue sublimest precepts flow—
 “ How man but sojourns on this spot below,
 “ How mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
 “ Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind ;

^z Scipio Africanus Æmilianus.

E

“ For

" For heav'n, how virtue can alone prepare,
 " And vice wou'd find herself unhappy there."
 Hence, loos'd from earth, his pure affections soar,
 Where sensual pleasure cheats the soul no more.
 Beneath his feet do nations treasures lye ?
 Millions he views with unretorted eye.
 His country's manners does corruption drown ?
 He, blameless censor ! stems them by his own.
 Did kingdoms groan ? he bade oppression cease,
 Stern tyrants aw'd, and hush'd the world to peace.
 Did justice call ? he car'd not what became
 Of life, or of life's sweetest breath, his fame :
 For her he dar'd the nobles, peoples hate,
 For her he liv'd, for her resign'd to fate.
 These were his honours, his high triumphs these ?
 Oh ! how unlike the slaves of wealth and ease :
 With plenty curst, to make their life a void,
 Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,
 They seek some livery'd friend to drag away
 The heavy, cumb'rous, miserable day.

There are, my lord, that with unfeeling ear
 A Scipio's, Sydney's, Falkland's glory hear,
 Unmov'd a Lonsdale's spotless honour see,
 Wife, studious, gen'rous, loyal, just and free !
 Are proof to every lure of honest fame ;
 And yet of sycophants would buy a name ;
 Hence birds of throat obscene and greedy maw,
 The chatt'ring magpye, the tale-bearing daw,

Rocks,

Rocks, vultures, harpies, their vile board furround,
 While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
 Flies to the private shade, the pure retreat,
 And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
 What, tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
 Nor swords e'er seek her foes on crimson plains?
 Yet, Blount shall own they drive six horses well,
 And Mordington's their bolder courage tell,
 Their name with Mordaunt's Pope disdains to sing,
 Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring.
 What tho' (ye fair!) they break thro' honour's laws?
 Yet thence they gain a modish world's applause:
 Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boast is still the same,
 And still they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
 Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping state,
 But rescu'd operas from impending fate.
 Their bounty never bids affliction smile,
 But pampers fidlers with the tradesman's spoil.
 No Goth to learning e'er was foe so fell,
 Yet their bought praises dedications swell;
 Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
 The first of sharpeners, tho' the last of peers.

In vain for such may domes on domes arise,
 With heads audacious, and invade the skies;
 In vain dishonour'd stars dart mimic rays,
 To give their sordid breasts a borrow'd blaze;
 In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
 Swell hundred hills, and spread an hundred plains:

If mean, still meaner by their lofty state,
 (So statues lessen by a base too great)
 With birth ignoble, poor amid their store,
 Obscur'd by splendour, impotent with pow'r,
 By titles stain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
 Courted by flatt'ry, but by merit scorn'd,
 The slaves of slaves, corruption's dirty tools,
 The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.

Rise then, my lord, with noble ardour rise !
 And whilst your fires before your ravish'd eyes
 Pass in a grand review, oh ! pant for fame,
 And by your actions dignify their name,
 Transmitting thence, with heighten'd lustre down,
 Honours, that may your future offspring crown !

That fight the muse with pleasing hope surveys,
 While to the blissful hour her fancy strays,
 When in the Hartford of another age
 The same fair virtues shall your soul engage ;
 The same soft meekness and majestic mien
 Shall cheer the private, grace the public scene.
 From her, to glad at once your ears and eyes,
 A fair Eliza shall with spirit rise,
 With lively humour, yet devoid of blame,
 And be, with sweet variety, the same ;
 O'er some blest heart confirm her lasting sway,
 With reason sprightly, and with goodness gay.
 When to another Beauchamp you shall owe
 Those joys, that with your dawning virtues grow,

In him again be born, again shall live,
 And take that happiness, which now you give.
 Heav'n has on you pour'd down his kindest show'r,
 Health, riches, honours, blest'd your natal hour;
 At once an elegance of form and mind,
 To please, to serve, and to adorn your kind;
 In manners gentle, but in genius strong;
 Tho' gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These bounteous heav'n bestows! 'tis your's to raise
 His gifts, and from their use derive your praise:
 His the materials, your's the work must be;
 Your choice, my lord, is fame or infamy.

Oh! should your virtues in pure current flow,
 And wealth and pleasure all around bestow,
 Till earth no more their length'ning stream can bound,
 Nor sinks their fame in time's vast ocean drown'd,
 Say, might the muse to future age declare,
 They were her early honour and her care?
 That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
 That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
 She form'd their channel, and their course she steer'd?
 Might then this fond ambitious verse pretend,
 She taught the pupil, yet preserv'd the friend;
 First twin'd the wreaths, that shall your temples crown,
 Still in your glory happier than her own?



E P I S T L E

T O T H E

Right Hon^{ble}. the Countess of HARTFORD,

A T P E R C Y L O D G E :

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIV.

BY THE SAME.

YOU ask me, madam, if the muse
From Colebrooke still my steps pursues :
Take then (but first your patience lend)
Her story thus from end to end.

She, that at Bath, so debonair,
Sung gallant Damon and his fair,
To beauteous Townsend tun'd her lyre,
And did, at Pelham's fight, inspire
Strains, that her Lincoln's self forgives
(You see the daring poet lives!)

She, that at Percy-lodge so late
From morn to night was us'd to prate,

Almost

Almost impertinent and rude,
 Unbidden wou'd herself intrude
 With tale and epigram, and song,
 To waft the chearful hours along,
 Whilst I, o'erjoy'd myself to view
 Alive, and with my lord and you,
 Not once could check her merry vein,
 Her unpremeditated strain,
 And did, from heedless joy, neglect
 To greatness ev'ry grave respect;
 This muse, I say, inconstant grown,
 Forsook me, when I came to town;
 Friend to my fortune, she withdrew,
 When I left Percy-lodge and you.

Since then, in vain I ask her aid,
 In vain her cruelty upbraid;
 The town, she says, was ne'er her choice,
 If there she tries to raise her voice,
 Her strains are to their theme unjust,
 Or drown'd in noise, or choak'd with dust.

Her plea is good. The muse's theme,
 Like the pure, bright, harmonious stream,
 Ne'er but in rural channels flows;
 Cities and bards are endless foes.

Resolv'd Parnassus' top to climb,
^a And there to build the lofty rhyme,

^a Part of a verse of Milton's.

I to fam'd Claremont's height aspire,
 To borrow thence poetic fire,
 To waft, like Cooper's-hill, it's name
 On wings of everlasting fame;
 Or, (if that bold attempt be vain)
 Your partial ear to entertain.

I mount my chaise, the space between,
 Fancy anticipates the scene,
 And vanity, officious maid,
 Thus offers her self pleasing aid;
 " Poor Vanbrugh's plan is out of date,
 " And Garth but saw it's rising state,
 " His verse with tuneful fable rung,
 " But left it's real charms unsung;
 " But now, to my transported eyes,
 " In full maturity will rise
 " The bow'rs, the temples, and the groves,
 " That Kent has plann'd, and Pelham loves.

At length, awaken'd from my dream,
 My eyes behold the real theme,
 And the gay sketch, that fancy drew,
 They find more amiably true.

On a neat structure now they rest,
 Where rural plainness is express'd,
 With harvests stor'd, compact, and warm,
 And, tho' Palladian, yet a farm,
 Whence cars, in rustic order drawn,
 Pass and repass the sloping lawn,

While

While flocks, in fleecy groups around,
 Or, moving, crop the daify'd ground,
 Or, fank beneath the tufted trees,
 Turn, languid, to the noontide breeze.
 The luffier herds, in glare of day,
 Bask, and imbibe the funny ray.

While thefe I view, on humid wings
 The fultry fouth a tempeft brings,
 Black clouds inveft the low'ring fkies,
 And all the beaut'ous vifion flies.
 Now from the thick-defcending rain
 I drive acrofs the darken'd plain,
 And leave the lovely fcene behind,
 That juft began to charm my mind.

How rare does pleasure ftand the teft!
 With patience now I arm my breaft,
 And, in a moralizing vein,
 With thoughts like thefe my grief refrain:
 " The fkies are clear, when ftorms are o'er,
 " Again fmooth waves falute the fhore,
 " Each fun but fets to rife again,
 " And gild with morn the dewy plain;
 " This hour, perhaps, hope cheats the mind,
 " The next, an equal joy we find.

Juft fo; the houfe a fhelter lends,
 Within I find the beft of friends,
 Spence, whose foft bofom oft has known
 To make another's woe her own;

She

She now, with hospitable grace,
 Compassionates my present case,
 Asks of your health, and hears with joy,
 How you your growing strength employ
 In rural cares and exercise ;
 And kind congratulations rise,
 When on my fav'rite theme I dwell,
 And Beauchamp's rising virtues tell.
 Fondly the vanity I share,
 And recollect my pleasing care,
 That, with parental aid combin'd,
 Founded the structure of his mind :
 So boastful builders call their own
 Works, where they lay'd the first rude stone.

The storm subsides, the mount I gain,
 Thence dart my eyes across the plain.
 Full swelling to the fight, I found
 First holy Paul's majestic round,
 Thro' wide Augusta's smoak ; and now
 Rose lofty Windsor's tow'red brow ;
 Here glitter streams of vulgar names,
 There slowly winds imperial Thames,
 On his green banks, in level line,
 Here spacious Hampton's turrets shine,
 Whose windows kindling at the ray
 Of Sol, beam back redoubled day ;
 Towns, villages, and pointed spires,
 And smoak thick-wreath'd from cottage-fires,

And planted villas, intervene,
 To grace the sweetly-vary'd scene.
 O'er all my eyes transported range,
 With ev'ry glance the visions change,
 Till, drawn by beauties nearer home,
 Along the lovely park I roam,
 Now skim the walk, descend the glade,
 Then plunge into the deepest shade.
 Here flourish sweets in mingl'd bloom,
 There (worthy ancient Greece or Rome)
 Fair temples, opening to the sight,
 Surprise each turn with new delight :
 In pleasure lost, I wish to gaze
 At once a thousand diff'rent ways
 Awful or pleasing, ev'ry part
 Expands the soul, or glads the heart,
 Great, open, lib'ral, unconfin'd,
 Just emblem of its master's mind,
 Who knows unequal'd state to shew,
 Yet, gracious, stoops to all below.

Beneath a hill, whose hoary brow
 Ne'er felt the wound of scythe or plow,
 (Along whose wild and heathy side
 Britannia's ^b naval heroes ride,
 When they, with colours wide display'd,
 That proud Iberia's sons upbraid,

^b About that time the crew of the Centurion were expected to pass by
 And from Portsmouth with the prize-money taken from the Acapulca ship.

In tawny troop, from India's shore,
 Guard in rough pomp their captive ore)
 Mid circling waters lies an isle,
 Whose verdant shores reflected smile
 With Flora's painted hues ; above,
 Soft-bosom'd in a shady grove,
 A dome, but half reveal'd to fight,
 Chequers the bough with Parian white.

If chance from hence at evening fair
 The rising song soft steals on air,
 Which to the well-according strings
 The skilful voice sweet-warbling sings,
 The passing swain suspended stands,
 And, wond'ring, lifts to heav'n his hands,
 Doubts if beneath some leafy spray
 Soft Philomela pours her lay,
 Or some bless'd spirit from above
 Enchants with harmony the grove ;
 Nor guesses that the tuneful art,
 Which awes and charms his simple heart,
 Is hers, whose bounty loves to bless
 Sad sick'ning want, and lone distress,
 And hers the sweet enchanting song,
 To whom the list'ning groves belong,
 And all, that her Newcastle's art
 In boundless fondness can impart,
 Each level walk, each shelving glade,
 Whate'er employs the labourer's spade,

Whate'er

Whate'er rewards his patient toil,
And makes the barren desert smile.

This isle in tempting prospect stands,
Thither I stretch my eyes and hands.
Eager the farther shore to gain
But stretch my hands and eyes in vain.
For hark! the threat'ning winds arise,
Again with clouds obscure the skies,
And tell my baffled hopes, that this
Is an enchanted isle of bliss,
Now in near prospect blooming fair,
And now involv'd in black despair!

My chaise regain'd, I cross the plain,
When lo! the sun beams forth again.
Hope, gay impostor, points the way,
Where, near the road, fair Esher lay;
And who at Esher wou'd not stay?
I turn'd. Retiring from the town,
The noble owner just came down.
I saw the gate behind him close,
Then murmur'd at this short repose
From cares for Britain's safety shewn,
Grudg'd his repose, who guards my own!

I now pursue my former way,
And with my journey ends this day
Of hope, and fear, and pain, and pleasure,
Of all my other days the measure!

Yours a more even tenor know,
And scarce perceive an ebb or flow.

The

The cause is plain. To fortune's gale
 You, cautious, never spread a sail;
 Safe in your port, content at home,
 You ne'er for painful pleasure roam,
 And think it folly, if not sin,
 One night to sojourn at an inn.
 Nay, when the Atlas of our state
 Throws off for you a nation's weight,
 In courtly terms your ear to greet,
 And cast himself beneath your feet,
 You (like Egeria) in your grott
 Or seek he must, or finds you not.
 More cautious still, e'en when retir'd,
 By wits nor censur'd, nor admir'd,
 You say, (tho' ev'ry art your friend)
 You dare to no one art pretend.

Your fear is just. Each state and nation
 Assigns to woman reputation,
 While man asserts his wider claim,
 Jealous proprietor of fame.

Yet sure, without offence, you may
 On nature's open leaf display
 Your harmless unambitious skill,
 To sink a grott, or slope a hill,
 A dell with flowers adorn, or lead
 A winding rill along the mead,
 Or bid opposing trees be join'd,
 In hospitable league intwin'd,

Without their leave, whose madness dares
 Rouze human states to cruel wars ;
 Or, if the Bourbon of the air
 Against your feather'd folk declare
 Fell war, betake you to th' alliance
 Of net or gun, and bid defiance
 To ev'ry robber, small or great,
 That would disturb your calm retreat.

O may kind heav'n propitious smile
 On ev'ry art that can beguile,
 A son's long absence from your sight,
 And render back that just delight !
 From those distracting dire alarms,
 That set a jarring world in arms,
 From tainted air's infectious breath,
 Where flies unseen the dart of death,
 His steps, ye guardian angels, guide,
 And turn the fatal shaft aside !
 Return'd, his parents bliss to crown,
 And make all, earth can give, their own,
 Like Smithson's, may his manly heart
 Act not the vain, but gen'rous part,
 Call drooping art from her recess,
 With health, and ease, and fame to bless !

O may, like his, his riper age
 With caution tread the civil stage,
 Like him, th' enchanted cup put by,
 And ev'ry vain temptation fly,

Of

Of pow'r, or pension, place, or name,
 If meant state-traps, that sink to shame ;
 Yet his just Prince, without a bribe,
 Love—more than all the venal tribe !

But from these themes I now refrain,
 Reserv'd to grace a future strain.
 For I have trespass'd on your time,
 And see a tedious length of rhyme.
 What must it then appear to you ?
 Respectful most this short adieu.



S O M E T H O U G H T S
 O N
 B U I L D I N G and P L A N T I N G,
 T O
 Sir J A M E S L O W T H E R, Bart.
 O F L O W T H E R H A L L.
 B Y T H E S A M E.

WHEN stately structures Lowther grace,
 Worthy the owner and the place,
 Fashion will not the works direct,
 But reason be the architect.

Ready each beauteous order stands
 To execute what she commands.
 The Doric grave, where weight requires ^c,
 To give his manly strength aspires;
 The light Corinthian ^d, richly gay,
 Does all embellishments display;
 Between them see ^e, with matron air,
 Th' Ionic ^f, delicately fair!

^c *The Doric grave, where weight requires.*] In ea æde cum voluissent columnas collocare, non habentes symmetrias earum, & quærentes quibus rationibus efficere possent, ut & ad onus ferendum essent idoneæ, & in aspectu probatam haberent venustatem: dimensi sunt virilis pedis vestigium, & cum invenissent pedem sextam partem esse altitudinis in homine, ita in columnam transfulerunt: & qua crassitudine fecerunt basin scapi, tantum eam sexies cum capitulo in altitudinem extulerunt. Ita Dorica columna virilis corporis proportionem, & firmitatem & venustatem in ædificiis præstare cepit. *Vitruv.* l. iv. c. i. p. 60.

^d *The light Corinthian, &c.*] Tertium vero, quod Corinthium dicitur, virginalis habet gracilitatis imitationem: quod virgines propter ætatis teneritatem gracilioribus membris figuratæ, effectus recipiunt in ornatu venustiores. Ejus autem capituli prima inventio, &c. *Ibid.*

^e *Between them see, &c.*] Junoni, Dianæ, Libero Patri, cæterisque Diis qui eadem sunt similitudine, si ædes Ionicæ construerentur, habita erit ratio mediocritatis, quod & ab severo more Doricorum & a teneritate Corinthiorum, temperabitur earum institutio proprietatis. *Ibid.*

^f *Th' Ionic, &c.*] Item postea Dianæ constituere ædem quærentes, novi generis speciem, iisdem vestigiis ad muliebrem transfulerunt gracilitatem: & fecerunt primum columnæ crassitudinem altitudinis octava parte: ut haberent speciem excelsiorem, basi spiram supposuerunt pro calceo, capiti 1) volutas, uti capillamento concrispatos cincinnos præpendentes dextra ac sinistra collocaverunt, & cymatiis & encarpis pro crinibus dispositis, frontes ornaverunt: truncosque toto strias, uti stolarum rugas, matronali more dimiserunt. *Ibid.*

These their abundant aid will lend
 To answer ev'ry structure's end.
 To building can a mode belong
 But gay, or delicate, or strong ?
 Why search we then for orders new,
 Rich in these all-comprising few,
 But that the standard rules of Greece
 Disdain to humour wild caprice ?
 They fancy's wanton freaks controul,
 In ev'ry part consult the whole,
 Teach art to dress, and not disguise,
 Seek lasting fame, not short surprise,
 And all adornings to produce
 From real or from seeming use,
 The place's genius to revere,
 And, as he bids, the structure rear.

Smiles he o'er fragrant Flora's bloom ?
 Ne'er shock him with a grotto's gloom.
 Nor with smooth slender columns mock
 His roughness in the rugged rock.
 Nor by trim steps hand gently down.
 (Like dainty dames in formal town)

§ — *From real or from seeming use,*] — quemadmodum mutuli cantheriorum projecturæ ferunt *imaginem*, sic in Ionicis denticuli ex projecturis asserum habent imitationem. Itaque in Græcis operibus nemo sub mutulo denticulos constituit: non enim possunt subtus cantherios asseres esse. Quod ergo supra cantherios & templa in *veritate* debet esse collocatum, id in *imaginibus*, si infra constitutum fuerit, mensuram habebit operis rationem; &c.

The nimble Naiades, who bound
 O'er native rocks with sprightly sound.
 Nor roving Dryades confine
 Precisely to a single line,
 Strait, circular, or serpentine.

All forms arise at nature's call,
 And use can beauty give to all.
 None e'er disgust the judging mind,
 When vary'd well, or well combin'd.

This Lowther's noble planter knew,
 And kept it in his constant view.
 So sweetly wild his woods are strown,
 Nature mistakes them for her own,
 Yet all to proper soil and site
 So suited, doubly they delight.
 While tender plants in vales repose,
 Where the mild zephyr only blows,
 Embattled firs bleak hills adorn,
 Under whose safeguard smiles the corn.
 Who builds or plants, this rule should know,
 From truth ^h and use ⁱ all beauties flow.

^h From truth, &c.] — quod non potest in *veritate* fieri, id non putaverunt in imaginibus factum, posse certam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, & a *veris naturæ* deductis moribus, traduxerunt in operum perfectiones: & ea probaverunt, quorum explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere *veritatis*. *Vitruv.* lib. iv. c. ii. p. 67. edit. de Læt.

ⁱ — and use, &c.] See the idea of beauty explained by the great Dr. Berkley in the Minute Philosopher, dial. iii. sect. viii, ix. edit. 3. 1752.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES^k.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

O Under various sacred names ador'd!
 Divinity supreme! all-potent lord!
 Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative pow'r all things obey!
 Majestic Jove! all hail! to thee belong
 The suppliant pray'r, and tributary song:
 To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
 From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
 Whatever lives and moves, great fire! is thine,
 Embodied portions of the soul divine.
 Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
 And of thy wondrous pow'r for ever sing.
 The wheeling orbs, the wandring fires above,
 That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
 Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
 And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.

^k Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a stoick philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems,

Such is the awe impress on nature round
 When through the void thy dreadful thunders found,
 Those flaming agents of thy matchless pow'r:
 Astonish'd worlds, hear, tremble, and adore.
 Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
 Ruling that reason which thro' all convey'd
 Informs this gen'ral mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal lord.
 For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon etherial pole, the seat of gods,
 Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost,
 But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose;
 And profit by the malice of thy foes;
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As thence to model one harmonious whole:
 One universal law of truth and right;
 But wretched mortals shun the heav'nly light;
 And, tho' to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good.
 Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
 As various objects various passions move.
 Some thro' opposing crowds and threatening war
 Seek pow'r's bright throne, and fame's triumphal carr.

Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain :
 While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
 Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
 But, O great father, thunder ruling God !
 Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode !
 Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
 Do thou from ignorance mankind defend !
 The clouds of vice and folly, O controul ;
 And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul !
 Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
 Thy justice rules this universal frame.
 That honour'd with a portion of thy light
 We may essay thy goodness to requite
 With honorary songs and grateful lays,
 And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
 The proper task of man : and sure to sing
 Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king
 Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join !
 The subject may transport a breast divine.



THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN sleep's all soothing hand with fetters soft
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest ;

The internal pow'r, creative fancy oft

Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.

Thus when no longer daily cares engage,

The busy mind pursues the darling theme ;

Hence angels whisper'd to the slumb'ring sage,

And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream ;

Hence as I slept, these images arose

To fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

II.

As, when fair morning dries her pearly tears,

The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head ;

Thus new to fight a gothic dome appears

With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.

Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,

And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies

In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,

Or ev'ning skirts with gold the western skies ;

To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside
Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;
Here- hoodwinkt Ignorance is seen to bide
Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
And haunt his soul with visionary fears :
Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
And in faint glimm'rings just admit the light,
There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,
And in truth's form deceives the transient sight.
A thousand glories wait her opening day,
Her beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;
Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;
She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old and blind
Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl

With

With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,
 And check each vig'rous effort of the soul:
 Whoe'er unwares shall ply his thirsty lip,
 And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
 Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
 And objects see in features not their own;
 Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
 He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
 Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
 Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
 And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate:
 The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
 With triple crown erect, and throned high;
 Two golden keys hang dangling by his side
 To lock or ope the portals of the sky;
 Crouching and prostrate there (ah! sight unmeet!)
 The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd
 Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes;
 Heav'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,
 To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies!
 A man no more, a god he would be thought,
 And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey:
 With flight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
 And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay:

Strange

Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, sin,
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
Counting large heaps of o'er abounding good
Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aspect there Indulgence stood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,
And treason would absolve, and murder purge with gold.

IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;
No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
And indolently snore the hours away.
The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
The mystic rites of hymen's hallow'd tie
Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
As crimes of foulest stain, and deepest dye:
No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
But spends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years.

X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire
Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath

Wakes

Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
 And feasts on murders, massacres and death.
 Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed
 To stretch or mangle to a certain size ;
 To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
 To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries ;
 Yet he beholds them with unmoistened eye,
 Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
 And slow approaching with majestic pace ;
 A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
 With native charms and unaffected grace :
 Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,
 In which all objects their true features wear,
 And on her cheek a blush indignant glows
 To see the horrid forc'ries practis'd there ;
 She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
 Unlock'd it's iron clasps, and ope'd the heav'nly page.

XII.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
 " That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
 " Unveil, she said, the sacred myst'ries here,
 " Give the celestial boon to public view.
 " Tho' blatant Obloquy with lep'rous mouth
 " Shall blot your fame, and blast the gen'rous deed,
 " Yet in revolving years some lib'ral youth
 " Shall crown your virtuous aft with glory's meed,
 " Your

“ Your names adorn’d in ¹ Gilpin’s polish’d page,
 “ With each historic grace, shall shine thro’ ev’ry age.

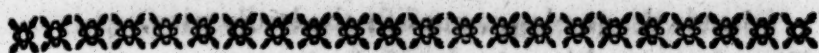
XIII.

“ With furious hate tho’ fierce relentless pow’r
 “ Exert of torment all her horrid skill ;
 “ Tho’ your lives meet too soon the fatal hour
 “ Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel ;
 “ Yet when the ^m dragon in the deep abyfs
 “ Shall lie, fast bound in adamant chain,
 “ Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless blifs,
 “ First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign ;
 “ Then shall repay the momentary tear
 “ The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year.”

¹ The Reverend Mr. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, and Bishop Latimer, and of the lives of Wicliff, and the principal of his followers.

^m See Revel. chap. 20. and the learned and ingenious Bishop of Bristol’s comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his dissertation on the prophecies.





E L E G I E S

BY MR. DELAP.

E L E G Y I.

A H stay!—thy wand oblivious o'er my eyes
Yet wave, mild pow'r of sleep!—my pray'r is vain;
She flies, the partial nurse of nature flies,
With all her soothing visionary train.

Then let me forth; and near yon flow'ring thorn
Taste heav'n's pure breath; while rob'd in amber vest,
Fresh from her watry couth, the youthful morn
Steals on the slumbers of the drowzy east.

Lo, at her presence, the strong arm of toil,
With glitt'ring sickle, mows the prime of May;
While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude soil,
Leave to their sleeping babes their cots of clay.

With sturdy step, they cheerly whistle o'er
The path that flings across the reedy plain,
To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,
Whose shaggy breast abhors the golden grain.

There,

There, in her green dress, nature never roves,
 Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine,
 They see no melting clouds refresh the groves,
 No living landscape drawn by hands divine.

But many a fathom from the sunny breeze,
 Their painful way in central night they wear;
 Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,
 Or sidelong the rough quarry slowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,
 How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;
 Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow
 A social blaze to cheer their ev'ning hearth.

There the chaste housewife, with maternal care,
 Her thrifty distaff plies, in grave attire;
 Blest to behold her ruddy offspring wear
 The full resemblance of their sturdy fire,

To spread with such coarse fare their homely board
 As fits the genius of their little fate,
 Free from those ills that haunt their pamper'd lord;
 To be unhappy we must first be great.

In these dark caves, where heav'n's paternal hand,
 Far from the world, their private cradle laid,
 They toil secure; the storms that strike the land
 With wild dismay, roll harmless o'er their head.

For who, the load of weary life to bear,
 Wou'd from these murky mansions chace the slave?
 Who cease to breathe heav'n's pure and chearful air,
 To be but living tenants of the grave?

Yet harrafs'd as they are, their face still wears
 The rev'rend comeliness of green old age;
 No stains their mind from worldly science bears;
 Their ray of knowledge gleams from nature's page.

The few plain rules her simple lessons give,
 They still thro' life with pleas'd attention ply;
 Their helpless offspring bid them wish to live,
 Their breathless parents bid them learn to die.

And surely heav'n whose penetrating sight
 Pierces the soul, and reads its inmost groan,
 Must see content, with more sincere delight,
 Toil in the mine, than triumph on the throne;

See ⁿ Charles, more pleas'd, within the convent's gloom,
 Seeking the slaves calm nights, their temp'rate days,
 And peaceful passage to the private tomb,
 Than diadem'd with glory's crimson rays.

ⁿ Charles V. of Spain, who in the full blaze of his glory, resigned the throne to his son Philip, and retired to a convent in Estremadura.

Ev'n

Ev'n the proud sage, whose deep mysterious brain
 Has reason'd all the balm of hope away,
 Convinc'd that learning's but ingenious pain,
 Might hail their happier lot, and fighting say,

“ Oh had I thus, within the dark profound,
 “ By daily labor earn'd my daily food ;
 “ Or with yon feedman sow'd the quick'ning ground,
 “ Or cleav'd with pond'rous axe the groaning wood.

“ Full many an hour that now, tho' sped with art,
 “ On slow and dusky pinions fullen flies,
 “ Full many an anxious wish, or pang of heart,
 “ That reason's boasted anodyne defies,

“ Had ne'er been born. Nor had th' uneasy mind,
 “ Pent in the prison of this mortal mould,
 “ Felt its ethereal energy confin'd,
 “ Its brightest sunshine in dark clouds enroll'd.

“ But native sense her modest course had run ;
 “ Her faintly lustre untaught virtue spread ;
 “ Health crown'd my toils, and e'er the day was done,
 “ Sound sleep beneath some alder's rustling shade.

“ Then, as I stole down life's declining hill,
 “ Here nature's gifts had furnish'd nature's needs,
 “ The brook's cold beverage ev'ry latent ill
 “ Had starv'd, that cloyster'd contemplation feeds.

" Till, in the peaceful shade of this lone bower,
 " Or near yon shatter'd tow'r in silence laid,
 " Th' orient orb, that watch'd my natal hour,
 " Had brightly glitter'd o'er my mould'ring head.



T O S I C K N E S S.

E L E G Y II.

HOW blith the flow'ry graces of the spring
 From nature's wardrobe come : and hark how gay
 Each glitt'ring insect, hov'ring on the wing,
 Sings their glad we'come to the fields of may.

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er ;
 They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose ;
 Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow show'r ;
 Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like theirs, dread pow'r, my chearful morn display'd
 The flatt'ring promise of a golden noon,
 Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
 Died in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two and twentieth year,
 Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart ;
 Harmless it past 'mid many a blith compeer,
 And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
 I saw them rove through pleasure's flow'ry field;
 I saw health paint them with her rosy hand,
 Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
 Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous pow'r,
 Ah must the transient tenant of a day
 Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour!

Say, shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
 Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright pow'rs,
 Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
 Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bow'rs.

No, let me follow still, those bow'rs among,
 Her flow'ry footsteps, as the goddess goes;
 Let me, just lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
 Read the few books the learned few compose.

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
 The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
 Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
 From friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
 Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
 But a brief name upon a little stone,
 Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
 Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire;
 And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
 Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Ev'n ° he, sole terror of a venal age,
 The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul,
 With such bright radiance glow'd on virtue's page,
 Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.

He P too, who " mounts and keeps his distant way,"
 His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
 Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
 And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess
 I come; and lay for ever at its door
 The firen throng of follies numberless,
 Nor wish their flatt'ring songs shou'd sooth me more.

Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
 Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
 Who here retir'd, with pensive pleasure tread
 The silent windings of thy dark domain.

° Mr. Pope.

P Mr. Gray.

Hither the cherub charity shall fly
 From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
 For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
 Pardon for foes, and love for humankind.

Then while ambition's trump, from age to age
 Its slaughter'd millions boasts; while fame shall rear
 Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage,
 Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's prayer.



ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY MR. HUDSON.

THE fable queen of shades retires,
 Encircled with her fading fires;
 Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
 With slow wing blackening many a league of sky.
 Go, melancholy goddess, go,
 Nurse of despondency and woe.
 'Tis time: the cock's shrill clarion calls
 The dawn, and strikes the prowling wolf with fear,
 And bids the phantoms disappear,
 That glimmer 'midst yon mouldring walls:
 They startle at the sound,
 And gliding o'er the trackless ground,

Loth,

Loth, to their marble mansions haste away.
 No more their livid lightnings play :
 The terrors of aerial tumults cease,
 Hush'd to serenity and smiling peace.

For, lo ! in heaven's ambrosial bowers,
 Wak'd by the stationary hours,
 Parent of day, the morn unveils her eyes,
 And vermeil blushes streak the orient skies.
 How nature triumphs at the sight,
 Renew'd in all her beauty bright !
 Her fragrant groves their incense yield ;
 The zephyrs, from her humid stores, diffuse
 The sweetness of mellifluous dews ;
 And pleasure paints the lillied field.
 Here, gilt with splendid rays,
 The spires and lofty turrets blaze ;
 There the canals reflect a pleasing gleam ;
 While dancing down the pebbly stream
 The silver radiance cheers the feather'd throng :
 Woods, hills, and dales re-echo with their song.

Thus, like the morn, will fairest freedom come,
 In majesty divine,
 With dawning glory to disperse the gloom
 Of dire oppression ; and illume the mind
 To darkness and despondency confined.

Arise, O liberty ! 'tis thine
 The charms of nature to refine ;

With blooming hope and harmony to please,
 To crown with plenty, and to blefs with ease,
 To light up awful virtue's living ray,
 And pour the flood of intellectual day.

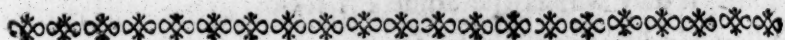
Place me in Afric's desert lands,
 Where thirst fits gasping on the sands;
 If there auspicious freedom fix her feat,
 'Midst burning blasts, I'll hail the rude retreat;
 Soon shall the wild, more polish'd grown,
 Admire new beauties, not her own;
 Sage industry shall dig the well
 Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep;
 While lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
 Stand frequent in the cooling cell:
 Soon shall the mantling vine
 Be taught around the palm to twine;
 And social arts the stranger Naiads wake,
 That sleep beneath the distant lake,
 Curious to view young commerce gaily roam,
 And bring full harvests to his barren home.

Place me beneath the gelid zone,
 Near winter's adamant throne,
 Where farthest ocean foams with icy roar
 Along the bleak, inhospitable shore:
 If freedom to the smoky dome
 With fur-cloath'd mortals deign to roam;

Thro'

Thro' snowy wastes the dome I'll seek:
 What hinders to enjoy the freezing year!
 For property will there appear;
 And cheerful health, with rosy cheek,
 Pursue the panting prey;
 Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
 Sit chaunting on the mountain's crystal brow,
 Where hanging torrents shine below;
 Nor will Cimmerian sleep forget to bring
 Safe slumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, celestial, let thy wish'd return
 This happier clime serene;
 This happier clime, if Rome thy absence mourn,
 No more with smiles of pleasure entertains,
 Nor Baia's groves, nor rich Campania's plains:
 Heartless we view the splendid scene
 Of turrets, and the painted green;
 Heartless the music of the groves we hear,
 As when, new harness'd out by wrath and fear,
 Night's chariot moves in storms; and thunders hurl'd
 Roll their broad terrors round the groaning world.



O D E T O F A N C Y.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE art thou, Fancy, visionary maid?
 Whose lenient artifice and easy aid

Can quell the fierce disorders of the breast,

And soothe the pensive soul to rest?

Whether along the daisy bank reclin'd,

With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning wind,

Or by the brook's loquacious channel stray,

Where the deep dimpled eddies play;

Haste thee, from the blended glow

Of beauties in yon lucid bow,

With fine spun light, and golden beams,

Softly weave thy waking dreams:

Bid the rang'd ideas fly,

Opening to the ravish'd eye

A glimpse of bliss, where gay desire is found

Sporting with youth while music wakes around.

Behold the variegated prospect rise!

What gallant harmony! what glad surprise!

The sweet Mygdonian pipe with rural strains

Collects the nymphs and shepherd swains.

Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed,
 And heifers 'midst the neighbouring pastures feed.
 Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithsome pair
 Have bid adieu to pine and care.

See them hand in hand advance
 Circling in the smooth pac'd dance;
 Now to numbers quaint they stray,
 Bounding on the mazy way!
 The goldfinch and the linnet nigh
 Join the simple minstrelsy:

The simple notes, and merry gambols fire
 (Plac'd by the hawthorn-hedge) each ancient fire.

But see! where solitude, of sober mien,
 With health and modesty, her charming maids,
 Leaving the straw-roof'd neighbourhood, is seen
 To rove beneath the venerable shades!
 O harmless cottages! O happy glades!

Where no misfortunes factious rage deplore,
 No discontent the quiet breast invades:
 How pleasant 'tis from this far season'd shore
 To hear the tumbling ocean's wavy roar!
 Now whither, with the sun-beam's darting speed,
 Thy rapt enthusiast, fancy, wilt thou lead?
 What other scenes of more sincere delight
 The goddess and her guest invite?

She,

She, like the Sybil with her golden bough,
 Descends to search the sacred realms below.
 In aramanthine bowers the blest appear,

By pearly grot or fountain clear :

To heroes ghosts, or scepter'd kings,

The laurell'd bard divinely sings.

Hark ! the animating strains

Warble thro' th' Elysian plains :

When the pause admits delay

Thus th' immortals seem to say,

(Closing the accents of each tuneful voice)

“ For ever thus, for ever we rejoice.”

What sad transition ! means this rising show
 To drive out real pain with fancied woe ?

I see the mourners in the darken'd room,

The rustic hearse, the letter'd tomb.

Still, fill the wayward, wild ideas take

The solemn livery of death, and wake

Tender-eyed pity, as the village train

The shrouded husbandman sustain.

What semblances of wretched plight

'Mid the procession strike the sight !

Ah ! 'tis grief herself appears,

Her flowing tresses steep'd in tears ;

Her garments torn, her bosom bare,

Reckless of th' inclement air

Three orphan children mark their mother's moan,
Hang down their heads, and answer groan for groan.

Hence, hence, ye hapless images; away
Delusive fancy; with thy subtle heat

No more thy vain machinery display,
Now the dark grave, and now the green retreat:
Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit.

Sister of wisdom she; of aspect mild:
Who makes the golden mean her certain feat,
And looks on casualty as nature's child;
To heaven's behests still nobly reconcil'd.

ODE ON TRUE GREATNESS.

BY THE SAME.

LET who will climb the towery steep
Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
Where, on the bosom of the deep
Below, the pitchy pinnacle rides:
A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
Waves ghastly; and a fable crew
Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfortunate.
Mine be the low and level way,
Amid the quiet vale to stray,

Safe

Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
 And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
 By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
 And small lakes, fring'd with homely asphodel.

There sits the calm, the rural sage,
 With natures volume fair in view ;
 And meditates the shining page
 Replete with wonders ever new :
 While wisdom points, on either hand,
 Where plants, and herbs, and flowerets stand
 In emerald groves, and shadowy glades,
 In furzy moors, or musky-smelling meads.
 Truth, in her liquid glass serene,
 To him explains each moral scene :
 Oft, in the downward skies, a train
 Of tinsel insects he surveys,
 Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
 Just emblem of court greatness, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
 The spirited and youthful lark,
 Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled east,
 Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air ;
 Late the low tenant of the rushy nest
 Now sings unrival'd in his radiant sphere.
 The pondering hermit then sees merit roam,
 Above the nurslings of the courtly dome,
 On glory's sparkling wheels, rais'd from its humble home.

First of the families of fame

That Rome's imperial city grace,
From rural huts and hamlets came
The Fabian and Fabrician race ;
With that firm judge that could condemn
And banish the proud diadem.

To Sabine fields she owes the vine,
Whose tendrils yet round virtue's column twine ;
Which brave's oppression's wintry breath,
And stands the icy touch of death.
The leafless flock, that fortune dooms
To wither, with returning spring
(While the glad flocks of freedom sing)
Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour blooms.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,
Join'd with his fair, heroic bride ;
To honour's hallow'd fane they flee
Along the favourable tide ;
To her and safety there to place
The tablet, vowed to human race :
Blow, every kind and gentle gale
Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.
High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,
Of white and amber clouds combin'd,
Rome's genius lifts his august head ;
Now flow descending nearer draws,
Hail'd with the popular applause,
And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.

Go,

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;
 Ye sacred Salii lead the way:
 Next led the order of Patrician blood,
 In awful march a numerous train compose,
 And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;
 As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
 Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:
 A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround.
 A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cymbals sound.



O D E T O C O N C O R D.

BY THE SAME.

SOUL of the world, first mover, say,
 From thee what glorious being came,
 Powerful to raise this universal frame?
 Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
 Gave beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
 And cloath'd with ambient day the chrystal skies?
 'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
 With sevenfold adamant chains
 The path of wandering orbs restrains,
 Kindles the genial fire of love,
 And walks the courts of genuine light,
 (While all heaven hails the wonders of her fight)

Where

Where Bliss has banish'd Chance, and fore Annoy,
And Goodness fills the cup of general joy.

Nor is she to the heavens confin'd ;

Forth on the morning's wings she rides,
She skim's the glowing evening's purple tides,
And leaves the setting sun behind.

Where doves sit cooing at the noontide hour,
And linnets warble in the woodbine bowers ;

Where the pale moon her lustre spreads,

The love-lorn bird divides her song,
The soft flute soothes the rural throng,
And dew drops load the flowret's heads ;

Where the ingenuous chorus sings,
The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling strings,
From the gilt roof the symphony rebounds ;
Thine, goddess, are the charms, and thine the silver sounds.

The buxom air, the sapphire main,
All height and depth confess thy gracious reign ;

But chief is thy delight to dwell
Lodg'd in the human breast, thy dearest cell.

Favour and friendship meet thee there,
And tender transport with the gushing tear :

There wedlock at thy altar bends,

There halcyon peace securely broods,
And meek tranquility attends
To quell unruly rage, and sooth the swelling floods,

Now

Now by the magic of thy tongue,
 That call'd up first the rolling spheres,
 Thro' the gay circle of revolving years,
 With rapturous sounds of mystic song,
 Attun'd in heavenly harmony to run:
 And by the virtue of th' enchanting zone,
 Which when the fair Idalian queen
 Accepts, with universal sway,
 The smiles and winning passions play
 In her resistless look and mien;
 The loves thy heavenly gift admire,
 And tip their little darts with lambent fire;
 Fresh wreaths the graces bring, and form the round,
 Where rising daisies mark the measur'd ground.

Now by the rosy mildness sweet,
 Of which when youthful spring awakes,
 From thy abundance amply she partakes,
 What time the silk-plum'd zephyrs meet
 In Saba's groves, to kiss the bending blooms
 With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes:
 And by the ripened, redolent grace,
 When summer in the Persian fields
 To sober-seeming Autumn yields
 Her treasures on the loaded sprays,
 The sky-rob'd plum, the purple vine,
 The velvet peach, and damask nectarine;
 While Plenty, waving her Hesperian bough,
 Gladdens Pomona with the golden show.

Great goddess! with the words of peace
 Bid this wild uproar of contention cease;
 Bid amity, with gentle ray,
 The woes that lowr on factions brow display.
 Shall Rome to thee a rebel prove?
 For hellish hate abandon heavenly love?
 Here, gentle concord, on each breast
 Let thy spring-sweetness bland distil,
 Here thy ambrosial fragrance rest,
 And all mankind obey thy sovereign will.

MOUNT CABURN. A POEM.

BY WILLIAM HAY, ESQ.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes

Angulus ridet.

HOR.

POETS, who mean to soar no common height,
 From some aspiring mountain take their flight.
 Each rising step presents a scene that's new;
 And fancy still enlarges like the view.
 When Cooper's-hill receiv'd the tuneful throng,
 Sublime as was their station, was their song.

¶ A hill, part of the South Downs near Lewes in Sussex, from which there is a very extended prospect.

H

Me

Me never shall the muses tempt from home,
 O'er Hæmus, or o'er Pindus top to roam;
 My native mount affords me more delight,
 Surpassing those in beauty, as in height:
 And, were my powers but equal to my will,
 Parnassus should not be a nobler hill.

From this proud eminence the ravish'd eye
 Sees earth with heav'n, and heav'n with ocean vye,
 To form a second Eden. Nature's face
 Wrinkled appears, but yet with youthful grace.
 Hills, smiling, court the sky; the vales below,
 As with their streams, with plenty overflow:
 Beauty and plenty, dancing hand in hand,
 At once conspire to deck and bless the land.
 Beneath me, all around the happy soil,
 I see a thousand sturdy mowers toil:
 Each seems, from hence, small as the lab'ring ant,
 And, like him too, provides for winter's want.
 With bellowing herds the neighb'ring mountains ring:
 Corn stands so thick, the vales and peasants sing.
 When autumn turns the ripening ear to gold,
 Gathering their store, the rustic tribe, behold,
 Swarm thro' the sultry fields: the grateful land
 Answers the reaper's wish, and fills his hand.
 But earn'd by labour, he despises gain,
 When he looks up, and spies the happier swain
 Stretch'd on the mountain top; (the common fate
 To envy men of more exalted state)

To those beneath, whom care and toil depress,
 He seems a God in height and happiness :
 Above the clouds appear his fleecy care,
 And, with the ram, celestial honours share.
 Thrice happy mountains! which no outward storm,
 Or foul eruptions from within, deform.
 No rocks, like rags in poverty, they wear ;
 But a rich verdant mantle thro' the year.
 Where most irregular, they please us most,
 As forms in graceful negligence when lost.
 No refuge yield to bird, or beast, of prey ;
 Safe o'er them flocks, with swains as harmless, stray.
 The flocks so numerous, which they sustain,
 They cloath the mountain first, and then the swain.
 Here, Britain, view thy native wealth, the fleece ;
 As rich as that, which Jason brought to Greece :
 This as much fought for now, as that of old ;
 And, tho' not gold itself, produces gold.

But now, my muse, conducted by my sight,
 Down to the ^r wild directs her aery flight.
 Where earth, the emblem of her master's fate,
 Both in his happy, and his fallen state,
 Naked, like innocence, here views the light,
 Like conscious guilt, there veils herself from sight.
 Nought we can here admire, or first, or most,
 But in the gay variety are lost.

^r The low inclosed country.

Nature and art, uniting, yet at odds,
 Together blend the works of men and Gods.
 Houses and trees, and towns and forests vye,
 Which most shall charm, and most retard the eye.
 The heath in red, the meadow clad in green,
 And silver stream, diversify the scene.
 Temples, their founders piety proclaim;
 And castles speak their impious thirst of fame.
 Here Ceres promises a full increase,
 Pleas'd in a land of liberty and peace:
 Sylvanus, there, tempts to his close retreat,
 Shelter'd from wintry storms, and summer's heat.

This scene, how different in its pristine state!
 (What fame reports, well may the muse relate)
 * All was one wild inhospitable waste;
 Uncouth and horrid, desert and untrac'd;
 Hid, by rough thickets, from the face of day;
 The solitary realm of beasts of prey:
 After the weaker kinds the foxes ran,
 Themselves not yet pursu'd by craftier man:
 The wolf, since banish'd, rul'd with lawless might,
 And, howling, added horror to the night.
 'Till man, at length, their secret haunts explor'd,
 And taught the savage race to know their lord.

* Supposed formerly to have been part of the forest of Anderida. Vide
 Camden in Suffex,

Then industry, earth's handmaid, threw apart
 Her rude attire, and dress'd her charms with art:
 From second chaos order did produce,
 From uselefs things things of the noblest use.

Her busy hands, first, from the cavern tore
 † The rugged oar, for ages hid before.
 This Vulcan purges, and the Cyclop's care,
 Forms into implements of peace and war.
 As doth one bush the rose and thorn afford,
 So the same mine the plough-share and the sword.
 Britons may rest secure from all alarms,
 Whilst native valour here finds native arms.
 Gifts, suited to each people, nature gave,
 Gold to the vain, and iron to the brave:
 Such metals are the treasure of our soil,
 As guard our persons, not our morals spoil.

Nor, miser-like, doth earth her wealth intomb;
 Her surface is more fruitful than her womb.
 Here stands the ^u oak, which long hath time defy'd;
 The work of ages, and the forest's pride:
 The noblest of his sons, and most his care,
 Doth o'er the rest his leafy honours wear:
 We see in him, so proud, so strong, so high,
 An earth-born giant that invades the sky:

† There are many iron works in this part of the country.

^u The growth of this country is the most esteemed for the use of the Navy.

His top, amidst the tempest's fell debate,
 Like fortune waves; his trunk as fix'd as fate.
 In his great-grandfire's shade did druids dwell :
 His grandfire with the Roman empire fell :
 Himself a sapling, when his father bore
 Victorious Henry to the Celtick shore.
 Here, like a friend and guardian doth he stand,
 At first to grace, and then protect the land :
 For, when fate summons, from the long-known wood,
 With honour he descends into the flood ;
 Bears Britain's warlike youth the globe around,
 And brings them back with wealth or glory crown'd.

But here my fancy doth my view prevent,
 First launching on that azure element,
 Which seems, from hence, to the mistaken eye,
 Part of a brighter cloud, or darker sky.
 Stupendous cliffs, whose heads Olympus greet,
 Frown on its waves, which humbly bathe their feet.
 Albion, high rais'd, looks like the sovereign king,
 To whom the seas homage and tribute bring ;
 The seas, which cut him from the continent,
 His bound, his empire, guard, and ornament.
 Divided from the world, united stand
 Within thyself, thrice potent happy land :
 To hell drive party-rage, and faction foul ;
 As one compacted body, be one soul.

If fame speak truth, ere mighty Julius came,
 Or fabled Brute, or Britain had a name,

Here

Here a high chalky * isthmus passage lent
 From this our world into the continent.
 Over this bridge, from Gallia, did repair
 All that from eastern climes first harbour'd there :
 Man, with a numerous train of every birth,
 That stately walks, or lowly creeps the earth.
 They came ; but never to return again ;
 For soon the potent ruler of the main,
 Indignant longer such restraint to bear,
 Or round cold Orkney's coast to drive his carr,
 With his huge trident cleft the massy pile,
 And in his arms embrac'd his favourite isle ;
 Gave her to rule the deep, as far as flows
 His briny waves, or angry winds can blow.
 And now her dreaded fleets, at her command,
 Herself accessless, visit every land ;
 To every nation make her, prowess known,
 And all the product of the world her own.
 Not greater treasure ocean's bosom hides,
 Than in her vessels o'er its surface glides.
 Here have I seen, when discord Europe rent,
 (Bellona raging on each element)
 So many ships, teeming with foreign stores,
 Steering their course unto Augusta's shores,
 As hid the liquid plain : to distant view
 Their masts appear like woods, where first they grew :

* Vide Camden in Kent, and Verstegan, cap. 4.

Their guardian convoy, freighted for the war,
 High o'er the rest exalts himself in air;
 With flags display'd, and with his canvas strung,
 Rides like the silver swan amidst her young.
 Then might leviathan, with vast surprize,
 A creature see, of more enormous size,
 Move in the deep, whose pregnant womb doth hold
 More warriors than the Trojan horse of old;
 Who from a hundred mouths in thunder roars,
 Bursts the surrounding clouds, and frights the echoing shores.

How dreadful is the combat on the main!
 In ghastliest shapes where death and horror reign;
 Where men with fiercer elements conspire,
 Joining their rage to that of seas and fire.
 Nor flight, nor valour, from destruction save,
 One lot involves the coward and the brave.
 Sometimes one fatal blow decides the war;
 All sink in waves, or mount on flames in air,
 The ship their funeral pile, or else its womb,
 As once their habitation, is their tomb.
 Often in crouds these conscious shores have seen
 Our fleets engaging in this awful scene:
 Have seen secure; but did the waves upbraid,
 That stopp'd their valour, and their friendly aid:
 While those, who in the toil and glory share,
 To Britons shew, what Britons only dare:
 Viewing their native land, they scorn the grave,
 Ready to yield her back the life she gave:

Their

Their friends to witness their bold actions call,
Pleas'd in their fight, and in their cause to fall.

Had ancient Britons thus been skill'd in fight,
They had restrain'd the Roman eagle's flight ;
Ambitious Cæsar ne'er had reach'd this shore,
And shewn his troops a world unknown before.

Far to the east, but almost in my view,
There is the place where first those eagles flew :
Where naked Britons did his power oppose,
And shew'd arm'd legions no inglorious foes :
Then mighty Cæsar might relate at Rome,
He came, he saw, but could not overcome :
For liberty long resolute they stood,
And were the last the Roman arms subdu'd.

Look where I will, some marks yet rise to sense,
Of Roman valour and magnificence.
Square camps discover still the scenes of war ;
Causeways their zeal for public good declare :
Struck with amazement, doth the labouring hind
Their arms, and their Mosaic pavements find ;
Urns, which have long their sacred ashes kept ;
And Cæsars, which on coins have ages slept.

But time, which sets all worldly things their date,
To Gothic rage gave up the Roman state ;
Then barbarous Saxons did this isle invade,
And conquer'd those, whom they engag'd to aid.
Scarce in the east had Hengist fix'd his power ;
When warlike Ella landed on this shore.

Far,

Far as my eye can reach, his sword subdu'd,
 Unjustly dy'd in harmless Britain's blood :
 A second kingdom did his arms procure,
 Which bore a ^y name for ever to endure.
 But when he visited these blest abodes,
 He banish'd truth, and brought in his false gods :
 Temples no more resound th' Almighty's praise ;
 To Thor and Woden every altar blaze :
 His pagan rites did Ella's zeal advance ;
 Great was his power, and great his ignorance.
 From that time Cissa, potent Ella's son,
 Long rul'd in peace the realm his father won :
 Westward his seat of empire and of fame
 He chose, where still the ^z town preserves his name.

But in the times succeeding to these reigns,
 Contending Saxons, and invading Danes,
 Whose law was force, whose property was spoil,
 With war and rapine vex'd this fertile soil,
 Where is the field, the forest, or the wood,
 But still is richer with our father's blood ?
 Where is the sea, the fountain, or the rill,
 But flows still conscious of some mighty ill ?
 This mount to mind domestic discord brings ;
 For in a Saxon camp my muse now sings.

^y The kingdom of Suffex, or South-Saxons, the second of the heptarchy.

^z Chichester.

The hills high tops sad ^a monuments remain,
 And rise still nearer heaven with heaps of slain.
 Why graves so eminent did warriors choose;
 Was it some useful precept to infuse?
 Would they their sons with martial glory fire?
 Or by their death more peaceful thoughts inspire?
 The curious antiquaries with surprize
 View their odd armour, and gigantic size,
 And us their modern pigmy-race despise.

Turning my face unto the morning light,
 An antique ^b pile salutes my roving sight:
 Whether of Roman, or of later date,
 Remains a secret, which the learn'd debate.
 Once a fair port enrich'd the fam'd abode;
 But herds now graze, where royal navies rode;
 For, like ambitious princes, earth and main
 Contending, make each other's loss their gain.

Here with his powers the haughty Norman came;
 Conquest his view, the diadem his claim:
 The will of Edward his pretended right;
 But his best title was successful might.
 Scarce stood his soldiers on the promis'd land,
 But their great leader, by a bold command,
 Aiming a desperate courage to inspire,
 Bid them look back, and see his fleet on fire;

^a The Berge or Burying-places, to be seen on the summits of many of the hills, Vide Verstegan, cap. 7.

^b Pevensey castle.

Shew'd them their hopes in victory alone ;
 And that his lot must be the grave or throne.
 By easy marches to the ^c town he came,
 Which from the Danish pirate takes its name ;
 (First of those sister ^d ports, which since arose
 The nation's guard against invading foes :
 Whose naval services, in ages past,
 Kings paid with honours, which shall ever last)
 Harold, whose sword yet reek'd with Norway's gore,
 Crown'd with fresh laurels pluck'd from Humber's shore,
 Found here the other rival of his fame,
 The same his cause, he hop'd th' event the same.
 Bloody the strife, nor small the victor's gain ;
 They fight a crown to guard, or to obtain.
 But heaven and fate determin'd near this place,
 To end the glories of the Saxon race :
 Still the proud ruins of the ^e abbey tell,
 Where William conquer'd, and where Harold fell.

This fabric on the spot the victor built,
 T' appease just heaven for blood unjustly spilt.
 But may his piety this offering claim ?
 Or did it spring from love of worldly fame ?
 Since the same work, that should his' guilt atone,
 A trophy stands to make his glory known.
 Oh vanity ! can the same deed be thought
 Impious and brave, an honour and a fault ?

^c Hastings.^d Cinque Ports.^e Battle Abbey.

Or by our gifts can heaven's eternal will,
 Like judges brib'd, be taught to wink at ill?
 Oh ignorance of those deluded times,
 That thought faints prayers could expiate sinners crime!

But now my muse, by quick poetic flight,
 Doth leave these ruins, and on nearer light:
 Where a fam'd^f abbey, of a later date,
 But the same order, shar'd her sister's fate.
 (Nor these alone, but each monastic cell,
 Sunk, when their parent superstition fell.)
 Wide o'er the vale its rude remains are spread:
 Above, the castle rears his aged head;
 As much decay'd; his origin the same:
 Each is a monument of [&] Warren's fame.
 These the great founder hop'd, but hop'd in vain,
 Should safe, whilst flow'd the neighb'ring stream, remain.
 The stream, which through the verdant pastures stray'd,
 The rising fabrics then with pride survey'd:
 Passing the ruin'd dome, and sinking tower,
 Now mourns the faded glories of his shore:
 Whilst his own current still the same doth last:
 So much man's works by nature's are surpass'd.
 The castle, once its mighty lord's abode,
 Presses the mountain with a useless load;

^f Lewes Abbey.

[&] The first earl of Surrey. Vide Camden in Surrey and Suffex.

Dreadful its high-rai'd broken walls impend,
 Threat'ning to crush the town they did defend ;
 And o'er the people sudden ruin spread,
 Like infants by their nurses overlaid.
 And lo! the monastery's sacred wall,
 A nest to ravens, and to herds a stall.

In this recess the hooded fryar lay,
 Dissolv'd in ease, and slumb'ring life away :
 Luxurious far'd, his mattins duly said ;
 Sung o'er the dead, and on the living prey'd :
 The supple layman treated as he pleas'd,
 Tortur'd with penance, or with pardon eas'd :
 To poverty the gates of heav'n were barr'd ;
 But for the rich to enter was not hard ;
 Brokers in sin did their assistance lend ;
 Who paid the monks, never could God offend :
 They to religion blind, but worldly wise,
 For lands and houses barter'd paradise :
 Unlearn'd, and skill'd in pious frauds alone,
 They gave us heaven, to make the earth their own.

To them these fair possessions Warren gave,
 Reserv'd a pardon, and a fainter grave.
 But long the pile hath been by time o'erthrown ;
 His tomb is vanish'd, and the place unknown.
 He, whom th' adjacent tracts did once obey,
 Here lies a piece of undistinguish'd clay :
 How is his glory fled, who now is grown
 Part of the field, which once he call'd his own !

O all ye rich, ye fortunate ye great,
Can ye be proud, and think of Warren's fate?

Far happier thou of Denmark's royal race,
Whose great remains a neighbouring^h temple grace!
Where the informing stone still takes a pride
To tell those virtues, which you strove to hide:
Who from the world did prudently retire,
And all that grandeur which the vain admire?
And to high titles, dignity and blood,
Prefer the nobler praise of being good:
To watch thy urn may angels never cease!
And may thy honour'd dust long rest in peace!

Beyond : the hills an evenⁱ carpet spread,
Tempting their sons to sport upon their head.
See! the light riders on the well-bred horse
Spring from the goal, and urge the rapid course :
So instantly they gain upon the way,
That time itself flies not so swift as they :
The silver mew, which skims the nether air,
Seems tardy on the wing, when they are near :
Forward they press, while shouts ascend the clouds,
'Midst chariots, neighing steeds, and gazing crowds.

Different the contest was, the place the same,
(The^k place, which bears the captive monarch's name)

^h St. John's church, in which is to be seen the monument of a Danish prince, whose epitaph is recorded in Camden.

ⁱ The horse course.

^k Called Mount-Harry.

When hapless ¹ Henry, too imperious lord,
 Here lost his liberty, but ours restor'd.
 Thence firm the long contested charter stood ;
 Which England purchas'd with her noblest blood, }
 And ever will esteem her noblest good.
 The greater Edward did this grant approve,
 And fix'd his empire in his people's love.
 He knew (as all recorded times have shown)
 Invading subjects rights, kings lose their own.
^m Still may we bless the day, when on this plain
 The tyrant broke his rod, the slave his chain.
 Then liberty did higher thoughts impart,
 And with more generous courage fire the heart.
 Then property, ador'd by every swain,
 Advanc'd with laughing plenty in her train.
 Justice prevail'd, oppression fled the field ;
 Law was a curb to might, to right a shield.
 The rescu'd nation smil'd, whilst all around
 She saw the foreign realms in fetters bound ;
 Nor thought she did too dear those blessings gain,
 Which she enjoys secure in George's reign,
 When Frederic's virtues promise long shall last,
 And future times be happy as the past.

¹ Henry the third.

^m See M. Rapin's remarks on this event in his history of England.

But if his hill, one king did captive see,
 A neighbouring ⁿ town since set another free.
 When to her shore, Charles like a hart pursued,
 Fled from the hounds late flesh'd with royal blood.
 By stratagem escap'd his father's fate,
 Transform'd from regal to a low estate:
 For furious storms the stately oak o'erthrow,
 Whilst humble shrubs beneath in safety grow.
 Here, from the kind protection of the wood,
 He came, imploring mercy from the flood:
 Bear me, he cried, from that inhuman band
 To foreign air, and a less guilty land:
 Meanly disguis'd the royal exile went;
 And soon th' offending nation did relent;
 The injur'd prince, whom they expell'd before,
 Recall'd in triumph to his native shore:
 So from the eclipse breaks the returning light;
 So sets the sun, to rise again more bright.

Returning thence, behold a mould'ring ^o tower
 Receives my muse, and claims one labour more:
 Whose walls the mystic buckles still adorn,
 A royal spoil from Gallia's monarch born.
 Whoe'er did thus the ancient structure grace,
 What could he hope more noble from his race?

ⁿ Brighthelmston, from whence Charles the second escaped after the battle of Worcester.

^o Laughton the ancient seat of the Pelhams. Vide Camden. It now gives the title of a baron.

Little he knew, that as the pile should fail,
 Its rising titles should o'er age prevail :
 Or that his trophies should, in time to come,
 Be hence transferr'd to Windsor's, sacred dome ;
 There, high advanc'd, immortal glory share,
 And take new lustre from the silver star.
 When in the Elysian plain Æneas cast
 His eyes on Roman heroes as they pass'd,
 His thoughts in secret extasy were lost ;
 But great Augustus fir'd his soul the most.
 So could some ancestor, who to that plain
 From hence descended, thence return again,
 And from the solemn ruins of this place
 View all his numerous and distinguish'd race,
 Chiefly on him with transport would he gaze,
 Whom o'er the rest superior honours raise,
 The faithful statesman by his prince approv'd,
 The generous patriot by his country lov'd.

But 'tis not mine to celebrate each name,
 Long since inroll'd in the records of fame.
 Vain the attempt and endless were the toil,
 To sing the ancient heroes of this soil ;
 Whose praise shall long my feeble lay survive,
 And in their progeny for ever live ;
 Well worthy of the stock from whence they grew ;
 Who with their honours share their virtues too :
 For without virtue what is noble birth ?
 Or what high titles, if estrang'd from worth ?

A gilded idol, and a bastard gem,
Which fools admire, and which the wise contemn.

Not with more pleasure, o'er the fruitful grounds
Where he was bred, the untam'd courser bounds,
Than o'er this lanſcape I in fancy ſpeed,
Convey'd exulting on the muſe's ſteed.

A happier paradise to me this place,
Than Eden to the parent of our race;
For when he view'd his ſubject world around,
All one ſad ſilent ſolitude he found:

I find, where-e'er my raptur'd fight I bend,
Some kind relation, or ſome honour'd friend:
Remarking here each well-known ſpot can tell
Where truth, where honour, where good-nature dwell;
And trace religion to her private cell.

}

Can ſee where ſecret merit ſhuns the day;
And where ten thouſand charms in ambuſh lay.
Where can the god of love find keener darts?
Or where employ them on more generous hearts?
Such matchleſs beauty, and ſuch manly worth,
Jove and Aſtræa might recall to earth.

With what regret I quit the ſmiling view,
For ever pleaſing, and for ever new!
The more I look, the more I am amuſ'd;
So Maro charms a thouſand times perus'd.

Oh may ſome bard, more favour'd of the nine,
Thy glories paint in an immortal line!

His fancy bear resemblance to thy clime,
 Rich as thy vales, and as thy hills sublime!
 His strains more lasting than thy oaks abide!
 And his smooth numbers like the currents glide!
 Then all thy deeds and monuments of old,
 Which the eye sees, or babling faith hath told,
 When sinking underneath the weight of time,
 Again shall rise, and flourish in his rhyme.

Perhaps he'll say, viewing my cell beneath,
 (Where I began, and where will cease to breathe)
 Here liv'd the man, who to these fair retreats
 First drew the muses from their ancient seats:
 Tho' low his thought, tho' impotent his strain,
 Yet let me never of his song complain;
 For this the fruitless labour recommends,
 He lov'd his native country, and his friends:



A N E L E G Y O N A P I L E O F R U I N S .

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa!

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands
 O'er forests, fields, and vernal-coated plains;
 The vestige of ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time ;
 And many a cherub, here, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
 Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
 The nettle, or the noxious night-shade, spreads ;
 And ashlings, waisted from the neighbouring wood,
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet !
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the memento at her feet.

Soon as sage evening check'd day's funny pride,
 I left the mantling shade, in moral mood ;
 And, seated by the maid's sequester'd fide,
 Thus sigh'd, the mouldering ruins as I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
 Here time has pass'd—What ruin marks his way !
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
 In vain ; and melody, her song sublime :
 In vain, philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride ;
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
 That terminates the view yon cloister'd way !
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
 Religion like, stands mouldering in decay !

Where the mild sun, thro' faint-encypher'd glafs,
 Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd isle,
 Many rapt hours might meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile !

And piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
 Trod oft the solitary path, that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd !

Thro' the grey grove, between those withering trees,
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears :

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
 Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relicks of a mitred faint may rest,
 Where, mouldering in the nich, his statue stands;
 Now nameless, as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
 And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
 The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
 As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
 The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
 His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
 That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
 And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
 And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
 Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, time,
 Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,
 Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
 And where society sat sweetly crown'd,
 Eternal solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
 Sweet-finging at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste ;
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
 Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
 To pure canals, a crystal cool supply !
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide :
 Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry !

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent
 With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew ;
 And the sweet brow of beauty, still unbent,
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew :

Fleet are the fleecy moments ! fly they must ;
 Nor to be stay'd by masque, or midnight roar !
 Nor shall a pulse, amongst that mouldering dust,
 Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more !

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Protract, but for a day, precarious breath ;
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine,
 Sooth, with his melody insatiate death ?

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around ;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground !

What then avails ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom !
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wife and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
“ Philip ! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

“ Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole ;
“ Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just ;
“ Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
“ Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust !”

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdued)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd :

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest drest ;
Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial veil :

While

While thus the herald cried—" This son of power,
 " This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd ;
 " May, in the space of one revolving hour,
 " Boast of no other spoil, but yonder shroud !"

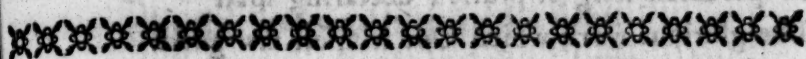
Search where ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd ;
 Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran ;
 And say, while memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man ?

Vain are the pyramids, and mottoed stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high !
 For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not, beneath the turf, the peasant's head,
 Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb ?
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed ;
 Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb ?

Hither let luxury lead her loose-rob'd train ;
 Here flutter pride, on purple-painted wings :
 And, from the moral prospect, learn—how vain
 The wish, that sighs for sublunary things !

EUTHEMIA:



EUTHEMIA: OR, THE POWER OF HARMONY.

*Ordinem Sæculorum, tanquam pulcherrimum carmen, honestavit
Deus—Sicut contraria contrariis opposita, Sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quadam non Verborum sed Rerum Oppositione, Sæculi pulchritudo componitur.*

ST. AUGUST.

A MIDST rude chaos, and when ancient night,
Whelm'd o'er the shapeless mass her deepest shade,
When warring elements held variance wide,
And anarchy confounded rule—God spoke.
When lo! on embassy of high import,
Divine Euthemia came, that seraph bright,
Blest harmony; (for such we name her now.)
'Midst the cherubick hosts loud voice, and 'midst
The sudden blaze of light, o'er this new world
Diffusive, down she came; her harbinger
Fair symmetry; swift to her charge she flew,
Compos'd the tumult, and establish'd peace.
Then did the sun first beam his gracious light,
Transcendent bridegroom! then each rowling orb,
' Beneath her guidance, led its joyous course

P. The planets motions are founded on harmonical proportions. Vide Keil's preface.

In

In speechless song of praise ; declaring loud
The glorious work which God himself saw good.

Whate'er the visible creation wears
To gild the morn, or to adorn the night,
To her its elegant composure owes ;
And where the tribute for such grace is due,
Silent expression shews. Beneath her law
Behold each creature finds its various end,
Proportion'd to its nature, and its kind.
Nothing but man rejects God's high command,
Or from the purpose of creation flies.

Ah why reject ! why fly ! vain foolish man !
Why place such beauty in the eye of scorn,
When all things turn fair, to which eye can see ?
Or leave pure virtue's path so richly deck'd,
To deviate into misery ! ah why !
As if the liberty to act like fools,
Were the chief cause, that heav'n made us free.

O harmony thy empire's great ! come muse,
With lyre celestial,—yet alas how faint !
The silver cord's exactest tunings prove,
The gentlest touching, how unapt ! to sing,
Her golden reign, and winning blandishments
Resistless lure ; how to obeysance prompt,
Her magic scepter sways ; how chears the eye,
Or makes the ear delight ; and gives fair truth
Such relish to the thought ; with her unblest,
Nor eye hath ought to chear, nor ear delight,

Such

And thought pale-pining, sickens with disgust,
Loathing all taste, save truth's ambrosial sweet.

When music stealing o'er th' enchanted sense
Blends in accordance sooth, and woos the ear,
Beguil'd to rapture, and attention mute,
Her influence guides the string. Her measure lends
Each colour's pleasing force, and points its bound.
Red's vivid ray, mild blue, and a ry green,
With orange rich, or violet's sober hue,
By her combin'd, form'd to the feasting eye

¶ Variety of concord —

From her proportion, all its nice effect
The mimic pencil steals; from her its grace;
When art with nature's workmanship at strife,
Teaches the long perspective to recede,
And mock the mind's imaginary fight.

'Tis harmony adjusts the stately pile
Its decent pride; beneath her graceful hand,
The Tuscan, Doric, or Corinthian pure,
Diminish'd column, and embolden'd frize,
In apt disposal rise; while each to each,
Bearing relation just, compose to view,
Entire elegance. Her measures rule
The ease of motion, through meand'ring dance,
And give its air of grace. She aids the muse

¶ Sir Isaac Newton has demonstrated, that the rays of light in forming colour serve exact harmonical proportions. Vide his optics.

That

That daring soars, wrapt in poetic zeal,
 " A bove th' Aonian mount ;" Her well-tun'd verse,
 And numbers smooth improve the sacred fire,
 Sweeten each thought, and steal it to the heart.

Say learned sages (for ye best shou'd tell)
 Whose nice inspection scans the human frame,
 And nature's wise oeconomy explores ;
 What secret harmony, what just consent,
 That wond'rous work compose ; how sympathy
 Mysterious reigns ; what close-uniting bond,
 The mind and body joins ; what social tye !
 When each to each imparts the mutual plaint,
 And both distemper'd grow. Can ye unfold
 How womb-struck infants, fancy's impulse wear,
 Or how such speedy unison's convey'd,
 Such swift vibrations, through what medium borne,
 Ingenious Hoadley, learn'd Hartley tell !
 What nervine fluid or what ether pure !
 Thus while we meditate thy pow'r divine,
 Through nature's works and through each lib'ral art
 How does thy gentle rhetoric persuade
 The heart ! how sooths thine influence benign,
 Celestial harmony ! blest is the man,
 Who bent to happiness, with thee his guide,
 In sober step, and thought serene pursues,
 Thy even path of peace ; from sullen cave,
 Of mope-eye'd melancholy far aloof,
 And frantic court, of mirth's voluptuous crew.

Such aid auspicious melts th' obdurate breast,
 Refines each sentiment ; to friendship moves ;
 Confirms that sweet coincidence of soul ;
 And rising passion's furious tide becalms,
 To still tranquility. Cherish'd by thee,
 Sedate reflection warms the glowing mind,
 Enkindling holy zeal. By thee inspir'd,
 The cherub gratitude right early wakes,
 With lute prepar'd and ready heart she wakes,
 To morning orison ; incense of thanks,
 (Oblation welcome to the throne of grace)
 From lips unguiled to the skies she pours ;
 While many a holy and obsequious tear,
 Does pure religious love steal from her eye,
 In tender embassy of praise to God.
 Closing with hymn benevolent her task,
 " Glory to God on high—Good-will t'wards men."

By thee compos'd, beside her midnight lamp,
 Summoning remembrance of things long past,
 To silent thought ; sits contemplation still ;
 The sacred page of providence to muse,
 And trace the wise impartial hand of heav'n.
 How good and ill such due proportion hold ;
 How pain's permitted to chastise the heart,
 To lure us home from ev'ry wild pursuit,
 And clear the soil for virtue's plants to spring.
 Thus in attention bound to wisdom's lore,
 She, from divine analysis explores,

This

This truth—"Just are the ways of God to man."
 By thee refin'd—Behold where patience mild
 With brow unbent, that seems to welcome woe,
 Beside her shady dial sits to watch,
 Time's stealing progress to eternity.
 To Lydian measures now attunes her lute,
 Pleasing her grief; and with complacent smile
 (From resignation bred, and blessed hope,)
 Thus humbly prays,—“Thy holy will be done,”
 Tho' in mine own undoing.—
 From thee contentment finds her hour of peace
 And ponders Agur's wish, that golden mean,
 'Twixt rigid poverty and dang'rous wealth.
 Casting on vanity a careless smile
 She blithely sings—"Thou art my portion, Lord." *
 By thee directed—lo! compassion meek,
 Searching the vale of misery obscure,
 From sympathetic eye benignly sheds
 Her balm of pity; while with tender heart,
 Shaping her sorrow to each sufferer's woe,
 She to her silver harp's soft prelude joins,
 Such tender pray'r—"Return O God of hosts,"
 "Behold behold thy servants in distress." *
 Then points to charity her sister-twin,
 Who all around her chearful bounty pours,

* Anthem of Mr. Weldon's.

* In the oratorio of Sampson,

Treas'ring to heav'n! lending to her God!
 Security how safe!
 With thee O harmony, in rich repast,
 Feeding her thought; holy desire comes,
 In seeming foretaste of full heav'nly bliss,
 The shining vestal comes; with wistful joy,
 Perch'd in her eye; and rob'd in vestment chaste,
 The fleecy mantle of a silver cloud.
 With decent motion and triumphant grace,
 The vanquish'd host of sensual lust she leads,
 In reason's captive chain. Like as the hart
 By chace o'erheated, pants for cooling streams,
 Her soul so thirsteth after thee O God,
 Lo! to thine altar bent, the pleasing string
 She gladly sweeps, and lifts her voice to song.
 "Thus have I look'd for thee in holiness,"
 "That I might behold thy pow'r and glory."
 Such kindly influence how few improve!
 Yet such once fill'd the good Philemon's breast,
 Nor less Fidelia knew; that righteous pair,
 Blest with thy sacred gifts, O harmony!
 Walk'd with their God—"Speak ye who best can tell,"
 Ye widows, orphans, speak—Cease thou O muse,
 To silence beck'ning see! their gentle shades,
 Through seeming fear of praise.—Hence flattery!
 The wise and virtuous scorn thee,—hence to court—

^t An anthem set by Mr. Broderip. Pf. 63.

There meet the gracious welcome of the proud,
 Varnish some villain as he rots in state,
 Call yon church-window to record his arms ;
 Or point at figures half obliterate,
 In rain beat marble, at the chancel end,
 Upon a cross-leg'd tomb.—Go glut his pride,
 And show the rusted buckle wont to tie
 The tawdry garter of his grandfire's knee.
 Such abject pomp, Philemon ever loath'd,
 Such loath'd Fidelia too,—then rest in peace
 And let a tear suffice for all that's due.

Of these thy joys posselt, blest harmony !
 Thy sweet infusion o'er th' exalted sense,
 'Midst thought of thee, breathing such rich delight,
 Who rests unpleas'd ?—Up to that sov'reign light
 From whose bright beams such wond'rous beauty springs,
 Guide the pure sighted eye ; him to behold
 Whose throne is built upon eternity.
 Him to behold, in pure essential part,
 His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss.
 In sweet enragement of celestial love
 Him to behold ; and with him ever dwell,
 Eternal fount of love, still flowing forth
 Goodness supreme ; around whose radiant throne,
 The burning seraphs tune immortal harps,
 In endless harmony, in endless praise.

THE COURT OF DISCORD.

BY THE SAME.

TO chant in rugged verse hoarse muse, arise,
How teeming earth, erst felt her lab'ring throes,
Where Cheddern cliffs yawn hideous to the skies,
How bursting discord wrapt in thunder rose.

The kindly moon that might such grief redress
Eclips'd that night, and shun'd her sister earth,
What woful change! lo mid her deep distress,
Sin midwiv'd to the world, that monstrous birth.

From hell thus freed, beside the rocky fall
Of bellowing floods, her savage-court she held,
On dreary waste beneath an uncouth hall,
Blind chance that bungling architect did build.

'Midst shapeless chambers nooking all askew,
Reign'd disproportion harsh, to pall the sight,
While sable darkness strives to check all view,
Save where one slanting squint doth glimmer light.

In footy weed spotted with women's tongues
 Doth crouch the storming queen, in ceaseless din
 Of train infernal heaving iron lungs,
 The vassals of God's wrath and slaves of sin.

The tyger cruelty beside her bound
 Grinding his gall doth watch her rueful throne,
 Guilt like a thievish dog creeps flinking round,
 With quivering jaw that maketh wretched moan.

Corruption base here plies her golden art,
 And sows contention 'mongst the scrambling crew,
 While falsehood clokes in smiles his rotten heart,
 With subtle-brow'd deceit—Staunch courtiers true.

Here grisly care on bed of thorns doth lie,
 Goring his thought;—with lust-stung satyrs round
 Trolling their rhymes of shameless ribaldry
 In tuneless voice, all gentle peace confound.

In deep debauch behold the madd'ning crowd
 From Orpheus, skull their Stygian nectar swill,
 Now murd'ring shrieks and blasphemy aloud
 Fit music raise, grim discord's court to fill.

Scratch'd screaming saws, scream through her leaden ear,
 While brazen anvils beat their clatt'ring clang,
 The shrugging queen well-pleas'd such sounds to hear,
 With jarring Jews-harp joins the jangling gang.

Thrice

Thrice happy ye who arm'd with purer grace
 Abhorring filth and curit iniquity,
 With prudent step avoid this loathsome place,
 Fraught with the wrecks of mortal misery.

Hoarse muse forbear, cease thus the ear to grate,
 Now discord's daughter let thy song rehearse,
 Foul's slander's cave, and witching craft relate,
 In varied numbers, tho' not sweeter verse.



SLANDER: OR, THE WITCH OF WOKEY^u.

BY THE SAME.

IN aunciente days tradition shows,
 A sorry wicked elf arose,
 The witch of Wokey hight ^x,
 Oft have I heard the fearful tale,
 From Sue and Roger of the vale,
 Told out in winter night.

^u Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way underground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications; which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

^x A petrefaction in the cavern of Wokey so call'd.

Deep in the dreary dismal cell
Which seem'd, and was y-cleped hell
This blue-ey'd hag was sty'd ;
Nine wicked elves have legends fayne
By night she chose her guardian train,
All kennell'd close her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides posselt,
Night howling through the rocks ;
No wholesome herb cou'd here be found
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd o'er the flocks.

Her haggard face so foul to see
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be
With eyne of deadly leer ;
She nought devis'd but neighbours ill,
On all she wreak'd her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly cheer.

All in her prime, have poets funge,
No gaudy youth, gallante and younge
Ere blest her longing arms ;
Hence rose her fell despight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,

And well he did I ween ;

Save hers, sich mischief ne'er was knowne,

And since his mickle lerninge showne,

Sich mischief ne'er has beene.

He chauntede out his godlie book,

He cros'd the water, bleste the brooke,

Then—Pater-noster done,

The gastly hag he sprinkled o'er

When lo ! where stood the hag before,

Now stood a gastly stone.

Full well 'tis knowne adown the vale,

Tho' strange may seem the dismal tale

Eke wondrous may appear ;

I'm bold to say, there's never one

That has not seen the witch in stone,

With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well,

With grieved heart, alas I tell,

She left this curse behind ;

“ My sex shall be forsaken quite ”

“ Tho' sence and beauty both unite ”

“ Nor find a man that's kinde.”

Now lo e'en as this fiend did say,
 The sex have found it to this day,
 That men are wondrous scant;
 Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,
 With all that's good, and virtuous join'd,
 Yet scarce there's one gallante.

Shall such fair nymphs thus daily moan !
 They might I trow as well be stone,
 As thus forsaken dwell ;
 Since Glaston now can boast no clerks
 From Oxenford come down ye sparks,
 And help revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond ye fair,
 Virtue's the gods peculiar care,
 Then mark their kindly voice ;
 “ Your sex shall soon be blest again ”
 “ We only wait to find fitch men ”
 “ As best deserve fitch choice.”



THE ENTHUSIAST. AN ODE.

BY WM. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

ONCE I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When ev'ry flow'r and ev'ry hill,
In ev'ry vale had drank its fill,
Of sunshine, and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime
When spring gives up the reins of time
To summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know,
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head
I urg'd my devious way,
With loitering steps regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud !
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding through the deep-green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze, in accents rude,
To thee, serenest solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay ;
“ Begone vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy I despise
And pity ev'n the gay.

These, these are joys alone, I cry,
'Tis here, divine philosophy,
Thou deign'lt to fix thy throne !
Here contemplation points the road
Thro' nature's charms to nature's God !
These, these are joys alone !

Adieu, ye vain low thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures and ye pains !”
While thus I spake ; o'er my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame and pride,
No more my bosom move ;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !
'Twas reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains :
“ What mean'st thou, man ? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains ?

The same almighty power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To contemplation's eye,
Fix'd ev'ry movement of the soul,
Taught ev'ry wish its destin'd goal.
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war external wage,
And combat each his foe :
Till from dissensions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?

Prefumptuous thought and vain!

Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,

Each pow'r is weak unless employ'd,

Some social good to gain.

Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,

With those exalted joys compare,

Which active virtue feels?

When on she drags, as lawful prize,

Contempt and indolence, and vice,

At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds,

To man, whilst virtue's glorious deeds

Employ his toilsome day,

This fair variety of things,

Are merely life's refreshing springs,

To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,

In vain thou sing'st if none admire,

How sweet soe'er the strain.

And is not thy o'erflowing mind,

Unless thou mixest with thy kind,

Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast go, try ev'ry sence,
If not thy blifs, thy excellence,
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan;
At least thy wants, thy weaknefs know,
And see them all uniting show,
That man was made from man."

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BY JAMES MERRICK, M. A.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to explain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in it's bosom rise,
And speaks its nature man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r)
That infant, Lord, am I.

A child-

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature ;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what its cure.

Author of good ! to thee I turn ;
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide :
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear all fears beside.

And O, by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will,
 Prepost'rous, shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant ;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.



ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY MISS CARTER.

Ιω Ήκυλος εμους Φαιος, ερεμβος

Ω Φαινον ως εμοι

Ελεσθ' οικηλορα

Ελεσθε μ' —

SOPHOCLES.

COME melancholy ! silent pow'r,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To sober thought confin'd ;
Thou sweet-sad ideal guest,
In all thy soothing charms confest,
Indulge my penfive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow,
In folly's noisy stream :
I from the busy croud retire,
To court the objects that inspire
Thy philosophic dream.

Thro'

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With solitary steps I muse,
By thy direction led :
Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
Confociate with my sister-worms,
And miugle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors ! awful gloom !
Ye silent regions of the tomb,
My future peaceful bed :
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual sight
In solemn pomp ascend :
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
That varying life attend.

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy !
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magic glass,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar sight
With superficial state :
Thro' reason's clearer optics view'd,
How stript of all it's pomp, how rude
Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill-got wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death controul ?
Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert, or sooth the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul ?

Religion ! e'er the hand of fate
Shall make reflexion plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth,
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring :
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
And owns thy threat'nings just :
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her tort'ring fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate :
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper peace :
'Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.



O D E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

WITH restless agitations tost,
And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
Regain their lost repose?

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom
My languid spirits fade:
And all the drooping pow'rs of life
Decline to death's cold shade.

O thou! the wretched's sure retreat,
These tort'ring cares controul,
And with the chearful smile of peace,
Revive my fainting soul!

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

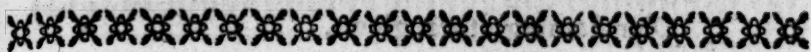
Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

New life, from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
'Thy gentle, best lov'd attribute
To pity and forgive.

From that blest source propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

Dispers'd by her superior force,
The fullen shades retire,
And op'ning gleams of new born joy
The conscious soul inspire.

My griefs confess her vital pow'r,
And bless the friendly ray:
Fair Phosphor to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.



WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

LET coward guilt with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders thro' the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,
The light'nings lucid glare,
It views the same all-gracious pow'r,
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' nature's ever varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest ;
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of providence defend ;
And delegated angels round
Their guardians wings extend.

When, thro' creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul.

Unmov'd mayst thou the final storm,
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

T O —

BY THE SAME.

Ηνδε σιγα μεν ποντος, σιῶνται δ' αἶθαι.

THEOC.

HOW sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll :
And solitude, and silent eve restore
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun :
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
In this still moment all their charms diffuse,
Serenity joys, and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

L 4

Here,

Here, faithful mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs,
 She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
 And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought restores
 The social virtue, and the absent friend.

Come *,*,*,*,*,*,*, come, and with me share
 The sober pleasures of this solemn scene,
 While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
 But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours
 Each foolish care, and giddy wish controul,
 With all thy soft persuasion's wonted pow'rs,
 Beyond the stars transport my list'ning soul.

Oft, when on earth detain'd by empty show,
 Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise;
 Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
 And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come: and the sacred eloquence repeat:
 The world shall vanish at it's gentle sound,
 Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
 And op'ning heav'n diffuse it's glories round.

WRITTEN



WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU restless fluctuating deep,
Expressive of the human mind,
In thy for ever varying form,
My own inconstant self I find.

How soft now flow thy peaceful waves,
In just gradations to the shore:
While on thy brow, unclouded shines
The regent of the midnight hour.

Blest emblem of that equal state,
Which I this moment feel within:
Where thought to thought succeeding rolls,
And all is placid and serene.

As o'er thy smoothly flowing tide,
Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,
My lov'd Eudocia's image smiles,
And gayly brightens all my heart.

But

But ah! this flatt'ring scene of peace,
By neither can be long possess'd,
When Eurus breaks thy transient calm,
And rising sorrows shake my breast.

Obscur'd thy Cynthia's silver ray
When clouds opposing intervene:
And ev'ry joy that friendship gives
Shall fade beneath the gloom of spleen.



T O M R S. —

BY THE SAME.

WHERE are those hours, on rosy pinions borne,
Which brought to ev'ry guiltless with success?
When pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,
And ev'ry ev'ning clos'd in calms of peace.

How smil'd each object, when by friendship led,
Thro' flow'ry paths we wander'd unconfin'd:
Enjoy'd each airy hill, or solemn shade,
And left the bustling empty world behind.

With

With philosophic, social sense survey'd

The noon day sky in brighter colours shone :-

And softer o'er the dewy landscape play'd

The peaceful radiance of the silent moon.

Those hours are vanish'd with the changing year,

And dark December clouds the summer scene :

Perhaps, alas ! for ever vanish'd here,

No more to bless distinguish'd life again.

Yet not like those by thoughtless folly drown'd,

In blank oblivion's fallen, stagnant deep,

Where, never more to pass their fated bound,

The ruins of neglected Being sleep.

But lasting traces mark the happier hours,

Which active zeal in life's great task employs :

Which science from the waste of time secures,

Or various fancy gratefully enjoys.

O still be ours to each improvement giv'n,

Which friendship doubly to the heart endears :

Those hours, when banish'd hence, shall fly to heav'n,

And claim the promise of eternal years.



T O ———

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE WRITTEN BY MRS. PHILIPS.

BY THE SAME.

NArcissa! still thro' ev'ry varying name,
My constant care and bright enliv'ning theme,
In what soft language shall the muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey,
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by friendship, than by genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force express
The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what fav'ring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious friendship rise?

With

With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
 • Urania's birth in glitt'ring fiction sung.
 That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
 Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
 With hands united, and with looks serene,
 Th' attending graces hail'd their new-born queen;
 The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
 And shed the fragrance of the breathing spring:
 The rosy hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
 Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
 Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
 A purer azure vests the lucid pole,
 All nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
 And heav'n and earth smil'd conscious of the scene.

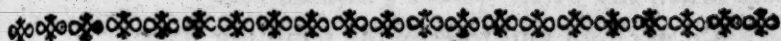
But long e'er Paphos rose, or poet sung,
 In heav'nly breasts the sacred passion sprung:
 The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
 As warm consenting tempers here below:
 While one attraction mortal, angel, binds,
 Virtue, which forms the unison of minds:
 Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
 And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
 Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
 And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

^u There were two Venuses among the ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures; the other named Urania, the patroness and inspirer of friendship, knowledge, and virtue.

By

By heav'ns enthusiastic impulse taught
 What shining visions rose on Plato's thought !
 While by the muses gently winding flood ^x,
 His searching fancy trac'd the sov'reign good !
 The laurell'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
 And wisdom's goddesses led their tuneful choir.
 Beneath the genial plantane's spreading shade,
 How sweet the philosophic music play'd !
 Thro' all the grove, along the flow'ry shore
 The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
 Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
 Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind :
 In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
 The animating pow'rs of beauty rise ;
 On ev'ry object round, above, below,
 Quick to the sight her vivid colours glow :
 Yet, not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
 The fair and good he sought remain'd behind :
 'Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
 He view'd the blooming graces of the soul ;
 Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
 The genuine charms of moral beauty play :
 With pleasing force the strong attractions move
 Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

^x Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the muses. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the scene of some of his dialogues on love and beauty.



A N I G H T - P I E C E.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflexion sooths the pensive soul;
 While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away:
 To thee! all-conscious presence! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.

Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd:
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
 Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft' my lawless passions rove!
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore!

Of

Oft' when thy better spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast,
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But oh thy foster titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name.
 Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair :
 From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour ;
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r ;
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey :
 Lest lurking folly with insidious art
 Regain my volatile inconstant heart.
 Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names ?
 Oh rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour each motion of my soul,
 Secure it's safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose :

Then

Then, when the great archangel's potent sound,
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
 The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

B Y

COME, fair Dorinda, and, while beauty glows
 Warm on thy lovely cheek, auspicious come,
 And animate my song! O may I gaze
 On ev'ry charm, and from each shining grace
 Catch inspiration: let thy genius aid
 My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verse
 The flow harmonious, while th' enchanted muse
 Relates the charms, which, o'er the yielding heart,
 Perpetual reign, and hold resistless sway.

Diffusive nature, who with lib'ral hand
 Scatters her bounties round, and decks the spring
 In all its gay attire, the virgin's cheek
 Flushes with beauty, and adorns her brow
 With charms attractive; shapes her faultless form
 With skill unerring, on her breast bestows
 The snowy hue, while, o'er her shining neck,
 In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair

M

Dishevell'd

Dishevell'd, graceful, and her sparkling eyes
 Dart kindling flame : majestic on she moves,
 Conscious of native worth, and smiling love
 Alluring. Hither, ye ! whose hard'ned hearts
 Ne'er felt a lover's pangs, ah ! hither come,
 To feel the force of beauty : here survey,
 In radiant lustre, the bewitching grace,
 Which from the dawn of time o'er nature held
 Her soft domain. Since first the vital spark
 Awak'd the human breast, and man arose
 To conscious being, the fair female form
 Dazzled his eye, and thro' his panting breast
 Shot beauty's ray. When in primeval spring
 Life uncorrupted roll'd its golden hours,
 Free from th' attacks of vice, as yet unsour'd
 With pain corroding ; nor disease had rear'd
 Her snaky crest to blast their blooming days :
 Then beauty reign'd, and form'd the sacred tie
 Connubial. Oft, amid the green retreat,
 Where fanning zephyrs play'd, the joyous hour
 Fled on the wings of love : here innocence,
 And balmy peace, and friendship, heav'n-born pow'r,
 By beauty heighten'd, o'er the human pair
 Their choicest influence shed. Nor beauty less,
 Thro' long succeeding ages, o'er the heart
 Her conquest held ; devoted man attests
 The pleasing truth, while at the syren voice
 Of music, thrilling the enchanting note,

He prostrate falls, the fond distracted prey
Of passions raging thro' th' enfever'd heart.

So nature wills; and while encreasing strength
Braces the nerves, and thro' the swelling veins
The blood fierce-boiling flows, subduing love
Still reigns in man, to polish and refine
His barb'rous mind: nor, till the soothing flame
Has seiz'd his heart, and thaw'd his frozen soul,
Ere can he relish the sublime delight
Of social transport, nor consenting feel
The sympathetic blifs, nor taste the sweets
Of hallow'd friendship, nor affected hear
The voice of woe, as oft she vents her moan
In wailings loud. The soft relenting heart,
Kind pity's tear, the all-profusive hand
Of charity, the gen'rous flow of soul,
These are not his, who never yet has felt
The pangs of love, o'er whom th' enchanting power
Of beauty never reign'd, whose sullen breast
Ne'er glow'd with transport, and the anxious throbs
Which panting lovers know; but all his soul
Is solitary gloom, untaught to pour
The friendly fervor, and, with heart enlarg'd,
To breathe the warm benevolence of love.

Come ye, who now your gayest moments pass,
And graceful flourish 'midst the shining throng,
While life flies joyous, and your youthful years
Roll placid on; before the radiant throne

Of beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breast
 With noble purpose, what informs the heart
 To melt, and moulds you into social man,
 Is beauty's pow'r. From her poetic heat
 Derives new fire, and taught by her oft paints
 The visionary scene, and touches all
 The springs of passion : hers each winning grace,
 And comely gesture hers : enfrozen age
 Bending to earth, beneath the weight of years,
 With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
 Melts at her fair approach ; he feels warm blood
 Run thro' his wither'd veins, erect he lifts
 His hoary head, and on his aged brow
 Unusual gladness smiles, while his cold heart
 Warm'd into fervor glows : her kindling voice
 All rural nature hears, and starts amaz'd
 To polish'd life. Thus when the rustic y swain
 Saw sleeping beauty, on the grassy bank,
 Reclin'd at ease, and careless beaming round
 Her charms attractive, while upon her face
 Plaid all the laughing loves ; surpris'd he gaz'd,
 And felt a thousand transports shoot along
 His shiv'ring nerves : now his unfeeling heart,
 Unus'd to pant, with soft emotion heaves ;
 He trembling view'd, and all his soul was love.

y Alluding to Dryden's beautiful fable of Cymon and Iphigenia,

And

And ye, fair offspring of the bounteous hand
 Of nature, ye array'd in all the charms
 Of vernal youth, flush'd on your comely cheek
 By beauty's balmy breath, while yielding man
 To you resigns his heart, and eager sighs
 Low at your feet, and tells the moving tale
 Of plaintive love : how, sleepless, on his couch
 He counts the tedious hours, or slumb'ring starts
 From flatt'ring visions, which delusive swim
 Before his eyes ; how busy fancy paints
 Your beauteous figure, in resplendent robes
 Luxuriant floating, as you graceful move
 In all the airs of love ; and while he grasps
 Th' imagin'd form, how lost in empty air
 The fair illusion flies : how taste forgets
 The poignant relish, and the spicy gale
 To him no odours wafts : cheerless and sad
 He wanders pensive to the lonely shade,
 To blend his moanings with the whisp'ring breeze,
 While sympathetic glides the weeping rill
 In many currents by, and there to thought
 Devotes the gloomy hour, complaining oft,
 In tender strains, how fair Amanda scorns
 His melting heart, how slights the mournful tale
 Of fond, despairing love ; nor here can long
 Indulge his woe, but restless with the croud
 Impatient mingles, solace there to find,
 Amidst the tumult of a madd'ning world :

Still haunts the phantom, still his bosom burns
 With unremitted pain, and love resumes
 His tyrant empire : how his alter'd looks,
 Meagre, and pale, speak the distracting fiend
 Which on his vitals preys ; how strength forsakes
 His quiv'ring limbs ; how wrapt in awful gloom
 Frail sick'ning nature pines away in woe.—

O gently then, ye lovely conqu'rors ! use
 Your unresisted sway ; forth stretch your arms,
 To raise from abject plight the fainting slave,
 And on his tortur'd soul, propitious, pour
 The balm of hope ; and now delighted taste
 Love's fond delights, while passion eager pants
 In ev'ry vein, and warms your glowing breasts
 With fairy prospects of transporting joys.

Nor, gay Amanda, tho', with sighs, to you
 The plaintive Damon kneels, and vents his soul
 In softly swelling strains : yet let not these
 Dilate your heart ; nor look with scornful air
 On the gay rivals, who with you contest
 Fair beauty's prize, and vie, supreme, to shine
 Midst the soft circles, where indulgent flow
 The soothing hours ; where music gently wakes,
 Symphonious, ev'ry passion, and attunes
 The soul to rapture, while diffusive joy
 Spreads thro' the melting throng. For beauty still
 By taste is prov'd, by her capricious law
 It blooms or withers. You ! who long have held

The willing Strephon, o'er th' obdurate heart
 Of Damon never reign'd ; while he, subdu'd
 By bright Amanda, sighs his soul away
 In unavailing moan. Far from your breast
 Be banish'd pride ; the high assuming air
 Ill suits the brow, where tenderness, and love,
 Should dwell distinguish'd : nor can reason judge
 Whose charms superior shine ; some dazzling grace,
 Still nameless, flashes on th' admiring eye.

Beyond description, fairer than her sex,
 To me, Dorinda seems : how darts her eye
 Its soul-dissolving fires ! how, o'er her neck,
 Gracefully careless, falls her auburn hair !
 Her mien how soft ! Can the pure mountain snow,
 With her warm bosom, rising to the throbs
 Of undissembled love, compare its white ?
 The rose its red with hers ? Nor Strephon less
 Adores his blooming bride ; she fairer, she
 Is beauty's self, and as she gently moves
 Her limbs, proportion'd with unerring skill,
 A thousand radiant graces in her train
 Alluring dance. Each nameless charm is hers ;
 And love, and joy, and virtue, sit enthron'd
 In ev'ry look and smile. Not varied more
 The human face, with diff'rent features stamp'd
 By nature's forming hand, than taste which views,
 In objects diff'rent, various beauties glow.

O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
 And yield attention to the syren voice
 Of praise; in that soft season, when the breast
 A strange enchantment feels; when pleasure pants
 In ev'ry vein; and sparkles in the eye
 Superfluous health; then guard your rebel hearts
 Against seducing love. Suspend, ye fair!
 These softer cares, and listen, while the muse
 Rises superior to the fading glare
 Of mortal charms, and now essays to touch
 The heart, and open to th' enraptur'd soul
 More lasting beauty, moral and divine,
 Which grows in age, nor at the pale approach
 Of death decays; but with unblasted grace
 For ever blossoms. Hail! bright virtue, hail!
 Propitious come, inspire my glowing breast
 To sing of thee! Without thee, what are all
 Life's gayest trappings, what the fleeting show
 Of youth, or charms, which for a moment spread
 Their visionary bloom, but with'ring die,
 Nor leave remembrance of their fancy'd worth!

See, how adorn'd in heav'n's all-glorious pomp
 Fair virtue comes, and in her radiant train
 Ten thousand beauties wait: behold she comes,
 To fill the soul with never-ceasing joy!
 Attend her voice, sweet as the solemn sounds
 Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps
 In sacred concert, while the sky resounds

Symphonious.

Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams
Of fleeting pleasure! she the heart distends
With more enduring bliss: kindled by her,
The gen'rous bosom breathes the social fire,
And beats responsive to the woes of man.

Now native peace, and harmony divine,
Dwell in the soul: to reason's pow'rful law
Each passion yields; and her resistless sway
Struggling corruption owns, nor dares assault
A heart confirm'd by her: and now the fame
Of nature conquer'd by th' informing voice
Of reason, thro' celestial mansions flies
On wings angelic: thro' the winding paths
Of life, fair prudence guides, and points the road
To happiness and peace; while in the breast
Untainted innocence and freedom reign.

These are the charms of virtue, these will bloom
When time shall cease: e'en beauty's self by these
More lovely seems, she looks with added grace,
And smiles seraphic: nor shall hoary age
Their blossoms wither, but perpetual spring
Here shed her influence; while a showy world,
Its varnish losing, shall deceive no more,
And nature, sick'ning at approaching fate,
Shall sink beneath its doom. Whate'er adorns
The female breast, whate'er can move the soul
With fervent rapture, ev'ry winning grace,

And

And mild endearment, tenderness and love
 In fair Aspasia ² shine ; 'tis her's to charm
 With elocution sweet, and all the flow
 Of soft persuasion, while the sensual heart
 Refines, and feels fair virtue dawning there.

Nor ye, gay glitt'ring tribe ! who oft-times drink
 Of Circe's poison'd cup, and down the stream
 Of soothing pleasure all resistless flow
 Enervate, deem unworthy of your wish
 The charms of virtue. While ye restless seek
 The phantom pleasure, where indulgence plays
 Her midnight gambols, o'er unstable paths
 Ye heedless wander : as she points the way
 Thro' her enchanting maze, th' illusive form
 Conceals destruction. While, with eager hope,
 And mad impatience, in a fond embrace
 Ye grasp her panting, lo ! the forc'ress darts
 Her latent venom thro' your tortur'd nerves
 Then wakes remorse ; and, see ! on yonder throne,
 With woes surrounded, fell disease displays
 Her snaky crest, and o'er your guilty heads
 Shakes all her horrors : anguish, downcast shame,
 Succeed, and on the discontented brow
 Satiety sits pale. The feeble knee,
 Each nerve unbrac'd, beneath the fabric bends !
 The tott'ring fabric falls ! the shades of death

² See this perfect character in Mr. Johnson's Irene.

Now quench those orbs, that beam'd impure desire!
 And, deeper yet, the gloom of black despair—
 A darkness to be felt!—involves the soul!
 O, dread this complicated curse! and turn,
 With holy horror, from the paths of vice!

Nor think, ye fair, the pensive muse forbids
 The joys of youth; she with complacent smile
 Views ye light flutt'ring; she the social band
 Joins chearful, and benevolent implores
 Diffusive nature on your heads to shed
 Her gay profusion, lavish all her grace,
 And in your bosoms pour the soul of love.
 Lo! rosy youth holds forth her pictur'd scene,
 With garlands crown'd; and tow'ring fancy now
 Her gay creation paints: high swells the breast
 With emulation, and joy-teeming life
 Its gay allurements shews. Forth by your side,
 In glitt'ring grandeur, walks th' enraptur'd swain:
 With graceful ease, attemp'ring conscious pride,
 He spreads his glories to th' admiring eye.
 Awak'd by love, and by the subtle flame
 Of beauty kindled, with assiduous care,
 And fond submission, to the chearful haunts
 Of mirth he leads you, and while wand'ring o'er
 Enchanted ground, oft tells the pleasing tale
 Persuasive: gently flow the smiling hours,
 In social converse, innocently gay.

Come,

Come, nature, best informer ! kindly lead
 Along the flow'ry walk, trod by the feet
 Of youthful pleasure ; guide our heedless steps,
 And safe conduct us to the bow'r of bliss !
 Supreme directress ! she the breast instructs
 To breathe love's purer flame, graceful improves
 Each varied motion, beams th' expressive eye,
 And gives to beauty all her pow'r to charm.
 O ! let her influence fill the diff'rent scenes
 Of joy and love—whether we careless stray
 Along the painted mead, where fragrance blends
 Her thousand sweets ; or tread the lengthen'd walk,
 While music cheers the soul, and vistas green
 Rise to the view, and pour their fresh delights
 On the bewilder'd eye ; or if we move
 Along the hall, resurgent with the blaze
 Of India's stores, and ev'ry measure trace
 Or slow or sprightly, while the lover feels
 Unusual transports rush upon his soul
 In admiration lost. Ah ! here, ye fair,
 Your gayest moments pass : as to the touch
 Ye yield your hand, with palpitations quick
 The snowy bosom heaves, and unreserv'd
 Breathes the warm wish of kind consenting love.

Far from the bosom of the tender fair,
 Where love alone should dwell, fly base deceit,
 Nor stain with perfidy the sacred shrine.
 Who's she that looks with high imperious mien,

In yonder walk, amidst her rivals, deck'd
 In yellow robes resplendent ? how she moves
 With practis'd air, and darts her meaning glance
 Amidst the throng ! thrown prostrate at her feet
 The lover pleads, nor she the lover hears ;
 But swoln with pride of conquest scornful smiles.
 Yet if arrous'd, and conscious of his wrongs,
 He bids the last adieu, she yet in store
 Has thousand winning wiles : the blood forsakes
 Her blooming cheek, and on her coral lip
 Steals paleness ; while adorn'd in all the charms
 Of weeping beauty, she resistless holds
 The lover still her own. With streaming eyes
 Again he views her, and his yielding heart
 Melts with returning love.—Inconstant still,
 She, nor by pity mov'd, nor gratitude,
 Nor awful virtue, to the sighing slave
 Resigns her heart—there vanity still dwells,
 Midst her fantastic joys enthron'd, and plans
 Unnumber'd conquests o'er admiring man.
 Love is not hers, she never tastes the sweets
 Of mutual rapture, mutual fond esteem,
 Nor knows the charms of truth ; her bosom beats
 With other throbs. Anxieties and fears,
 Ambition's train ! vex her aspiring soul,
 And disappointment leaves its baleful sting.
 Be this her portion ! let her still possess
 The dear deceits !—Awake, delusive thoughts,

Self-

Self-adulation come, and in her breast
 Your soft enchantments pour ! life's glories raise
 The splendid scene, and deck th' exulting fair
 In all your fancied pomp !—Nor envy her,
 Ye faithful few, whom the celestial grace
 Of truth inspired ! for, while she eager grasps
 The flatt'ring forms, they faithless all elude
 Her fond embrace, and fleet in empty air.

The fair Amanda knows no practis'd guile
 To captivate the soul : sweet innocence
 And truth are hers, and beauty unadorn'd,
 Save when diffusive steals the glowing blush,
 And shews her bright in ev'ry virgin charm.
 Her eyes no conquests seek, nor beats her breast
 With anxious throbs ; she affectation's wiles
 Nor practises nor knows : stranger to these,
 She, only conscious of her virgin worth,
 Heaves nature's sighs, and, dress'd in nature's grace,
 All lovely seems, and moves attractive on
 Amidst admiring swains : at her approach
 Each bosom flutters, while the lovely maid
 Nor scornful looks, nor with consenting smile
 Bids admiration all its incense pour
 To her bewitching charms : yet on her brow
 Modest reserve oft sits, forbidding all
 Love's wanton hopes. The fair Amanda thus
 Resistless empire holds ; while aw'd we gaze
 On ev'ry charm, and at a distance sigh.

Yet while the season of your blooming youth
 Glides gently on, and lib'ral nature show'rs
 Her gayest blessings, peaceful, on your heads;
 O! then let science on your easy hours
 Serenely steal: oft when the busy scene
 Of meddling care, and fond officious love
 Shuts on your eyes, and solitude invites
 To meditation, let her mild infuse
 Her sweet instruction: she the soul exalts
 To dignity; for when, with knowledge blest'd,
 Fair beauty smiles upon the blushing brow,
 Her soft persuasion wins the yielding heart
 Resistless, each with glowing ardour hears
 Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow
 Of sweetest periods, warbling from the lips
 Where raptures hang: the captivated soul,
 While beauty triumphs, owns her boundless sway.

Oft let me wander thro' the green retreat,
 Where meditation dwells, and roses shed
 Their mild perfumes, wak'd by the genial breath
 Of May, while gently by the purling stream
 Its crystal waters roll: to crown my bliss
 Let sweet Ardelia come, on her attends
 Each mild engaging grace, each nameless charm
 Alluring; nature, bounteous, on her brow
 Beams all its beauties, and the soul by her
 Is charm'd to rapture, she the mind informs
 With knowledge, which from her persuasive tongue
Alluring

Alluring streams; while music lends its voice
 Melodious, and the Sapphic muse awaits
 Soft in her train, to breathe into her breast
 Th' inspiring genius; she in melting lays,
 Sweet as herself, in the warm bosom wakes
 The fond delights of love. Here let us join
 To sing of nature, as we pleas'd survey
 The beauteous landscape round, or frequent turn
 The moving page, where glows poetic flame
 And harmony; with nature's Shakespear rove
 Thro' all his fairy regions, or oft fly
 With Milton, boundless, thro' ethereal worlds.
 Let raptur'd fancy feel the circling year
 Roll o'er our heads, and mark the changing scenes
 Of nature, drest in his immortal lays,
 Who sung the Seasons. Thus may gentle hours
 In sweet improvement pass, and still return
 Auspicious; for with thee, the beating heart
 Feels fond emotion, and the soul dissolves
 In speechless transport of encreasing joy.

Ye lovely fair, while flow'ry chaplets bind
 Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths
 Of gently gliding life, ye graceful sweep,
 Array'd in purple pride; as on your breast
 The diamond shines, and in your floating train
 The ruby glows, and emeralds around
 Beset the flying robe; while dazzling thus
 In orient pomp, forgive if yet the muse

In moralizing strains essays to draw
The ev'ning veil o'er all the glitt'ring show.

Vain is their blaze, which, like the noon-tide day,
Dazzles the eye : so flaunt the gaudy flow'rs
In vernal glory, wide diffusing round
Their odoriferous sweets, and shoot profuse
Their blossoms forth, and flourish in their May,
In nature's livery clad ; but when the sun
Beams in his pride, they droop their blushing heads,
Their blossoms wither, and their varied tints
Fade with his sultry rays. Behold, ye fair,
Your gay delusions, read in nature's book
Their transitory life, how quickly fleets
The dream of pleasure, at the pale approach
Of death grim blasting all your pictur'd hopes.
So fell Amynta in her bloom of days.
Joy flush'd her brow, and expectation swell'd
Her beating bosom ; love its tribute paid
To her bewitching charms, about to taste
Connubial transports, and in Damon's arms
To share the licens'd blifs ; while virtue's self
Beheld complacent the indulging pair.

Elated thus, the fair Amynta felt
The pangs of love ; her wishes wing'd their flight
To future periods ; in idea all
Life's softest blessings revell'd in her heart.
Oft did the lovers court the lonely shade,
Reclusely happy, there to mingle sighs

In nature's warmth : thrown on the flow'ry lap
 Of the fresh earth, where roses blush around,
 They breath'd their mutual vows, and tasted all
 Th' endearing sweets of uncorrupted love.
 Dear hapless fair, amidst her warmest hopes,
 When fancy figur'd all the tender scene
 Of mutual rapture, she devoted fell
 The mournful victim of the conqu'ring hand
 Of unrelenting death : he dread approach'd,
 And nature trembled at his ghastly mien.
 Her Damon now, in moving strains, laments,
 And sadly pensive to her sacred tomb
 He oft repairs, there drops a lover's tear,
 While fond remembrance opens all the scene
 Of past delight, calls forth his beaut'ous bride
 In visionary bloom, once more to blaze
 In all-attractive charms, till lost again
 The phantom glides in air : all nature wears
 To him a face of woe, the valleys round
 Re-echo doleful to his moving moan.

So beauty fades, so fleets its showy life,
 As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
 Of rich array. Yet while the pensive muse
 Touches the springs of grief, may no dark gloom
 O'erwhelm your souls, for innocence survives
 To bloom eternal : and while life invites
 To view its gayer scenes, amidst the pomp
 Of radiant courts, still chearful move along
 Its flow'ry walks, and lead with jovial heart

The laughing moments on ; for beauty shines
 First in the gaudy circles, and commands
 Fond admiration. As Britannia's sons
 Excel in ev'ry virtue, manly brave
 Amidst th' alarms of fate, gen'rous, sincere,
 By glory kindled, may her virgins too,
 Supremely fair, 'midst beauty's brightest blaze,
 In soft perfections shine ; may Hymen wave
 His purple wings, and o'er the sacred couch
 His azure mantle spread, as down ye sink
 In wedlock's chaste embrace, and oft renew
 The hallow'd rapture : thus may peaceful life
 Flow undisturb'd, nor jarring feud invade
 Your happy hours. And ye, gay circles, now
 Forgive the muse, which daring thus has sung
 Of beauty's triumphs, tho' unequal far
 To the delightful theme ; yet beauty charm'd
 My soul, and pour'd into my glowing breast
 Her fascination, led me thro' the maze
 Of love : nor unambitious of applause
 She courts your smiles, yours is her pleasing song,
 To you she warbles, and devoted pays
 Her fond oblation to your radiant charms.
 But chief indulgent, 'midst the shining throng,
 Will fair Dorinda smile ; she first inspir'd
 My heart with love, to her my early muse
 Her infant raptures pour'd ; happy if now
 Sweet flow my numbers on her judging ear,
 And steal persuasive to her virgin breast.



I L P A C I F I C O.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF
AIX LA CHAPELLE, MDCCXLVIII.

BY MR. MASON.

HENCE, pestilential Mars,
Of fable-vested night and chaos bred,
On matters formless bed,
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic croud,
Wing'd flight, pale terror, discord cloath'd in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Ach'ron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail fair peace, so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek;
That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd queen, art tending
Gently o'er thy fav'rite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand:
To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring;

Spring

Spring, like that, which poets feign,
 Gilded Saturn's easy reign :
 For Saturn's first born daughter thou ;
 Unless, as later bards avow
 The youthful god with spangled hair
 Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair :
 For, banish'd erst heav'ns star-pav'd floor,
 (As sings my legendary lore,)
 As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
 With shepherds scrip and shepherds crook,
 Pensive 'midst a savage train
 (For savage then was all the plain) ;
 Fair Harmonia left her bow'r,
 To join her radiant paramour :
 Hence didst thou spring ; and at thy birth
 Lenient zephyrs fann'd the earth,
 Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
 Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
 And man, whom fiercer rage posselt,
 Smil'd dissention from his breast.
 She comes, she comes, ye nymphs, prepare
 Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair ;
 Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
 To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
 The featly-footed faraband
 Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
 When nimbly light each simp'ring lass
 Trips it o'er the pliant grass.

But see, her social smiling train,
 Now invests th' inraptur'd plain!
 Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
 Shours its fruits, its flow'rs, its corn;
 Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
 Strong-nerv'd labour lift his flail;
 Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
 That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree):
 He shall my youngling footsteps lead
 Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
 By scooped valley, heaped hill,
 Level river, dancing rill,
 Where the shepherds all appear,
 To shear and wash their fleecy care,
 Which bleating stand the streams around,
 And whiten all the close-crop'd ground:
 Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,
 Cock the hay upon the green;
 Or up yon steep rough road the swains,
 Drive slow along their rolling wains
 (Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
 And makes the pond'rous axle crack),
 Then to the village on the hill,
 The barns capacious jaws to fill,
 Where the answ'ring flails rebound,
 Beating bold with thund'ring sound.
 Enchanted with this rural scene,
 Here let me weave my arb'retts green:

Here

Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,
 O'er my noontide cool retreat;
 Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
 Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
 But, if my vagrant fancy pants
 For charms, which simple nature wants,
 Grant, power benign admittance free
 To some rang'd academy:
 There to give to arts refin'd
 All the impulse of my mind;
 And oft observant take my stand,
 Where the painter's magic hand
 From sketches rude, with gradual art,
 Calls dawning life to ev'ry part,
 Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
 Each starting hero meets the eye:
 Oft too, oh! let me nice inspect,
 The draughts of justest architect:
 And hence delighted let me pass,
 Where others mould the ductile brass;
 Or teach the parian stone to wear
 A letter'd sage's musing air.
 But ah! these arts have fix'd their home
 In Roman or in Gallic dome:
 Tho' strange beseems, that arts shou'd spread,
 Where frowns black slav'ry's baleful shade;
 And stranger far that arts decay
 Where freedom deals her warmest ray.

This then deny'd, I'll swift retreat,
 Where Camus winds with murmur sweet :
 There teach me, piercing Locke, t'explore
 The busy mind's ideal store ;
 There, heav'n-rapt Newton, guide my way
 Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day,
 To mark the vagrant comets road
 And thro' his wonders trace the God.
 Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
 Amidst the cloysters silent gloom :
 Or, where rank'd oaks their shades diffuse,
 Hold dalliance with my darling muse,
 Recalling oft some heav'n-born strain,
 That warbled in Augustan reign ;
 Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,
 If sweet Theocritus engage,
 Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
 Caroll his easy love-lay light.
 Yet let not all my pleasure lie
 Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy ;
 But ever give my fingers wings,
 Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
 And from some bow'r to tune the lay :
 While list'ning birds croud ev'ry spray,
 Or hov'ring silent o'er my head,
 Their quiv'ring wings exulting spread ;
 Save but the turtles, they alone
 With tender plaintive faithful moan,

Shall

Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
 Their soft thick-warbled tale of love :
 Sweet birds ! your mingling blifs pursuing,
 Ever billing, ever cooing,
 Ye ! constant pair ! I love to note
 Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat ;
 And ye unheard from sidelong hills
 The liquid lapse of whisp'ring rills,
 I hift to hear : fuch sounds diffuse
 Sweet transports to the thoughtful mufe.
 Thus fummer fees me brisk and light,
 Till winter fpreads her 'kerchief white ;
 Then to the city's focial walls
 Where tolling clock to bufinefs calls.
 There the weaver's fhuttle fpeeds,
 Nimbly thro' the fine-fpun threads
 There the vocal anvil rings,
 While the fmith his hammer fwings ;
 And ev'ry man and ev'ry boy,
 Briskly join in warm employ,
 Thro' fuch throng'd fcenes full oft I'll range,
 Oft croud into the rich exchange :
 Or to yon wharf ; afide the mote,
 Where the anchor'd fhips do float,
 And others, haft'ning into bay,
 Swell their fails in fair array :
 Wafting to Albion's fons the ftore,
 That each Peruvian mine can pour ;

Wafting

(186)

Wafting to Albions' smiling dames,
'The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
'Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
And joys like these if peace inspire,
Peace with thee, I string the lyre.



ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN * LEAVING
THE UNIVERSITY.

BY THE SAME.

E'ER yet ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloysters pale;
O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breath from his artless reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.

* Lord J—— C——.

There,

There, if ambition pestilent and pale,
 Or luxury should taint their vernal glow ;
 If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
 Should blast th' unfolding blossoms e'er they blow ;
 If mimic hues, by art, or fashion spread,
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
 O! with them may these laureate honours fade ;
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.
 Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string ;
 The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
 And, vainly ventrous, soars on waxen wing.
 Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
 Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
 And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.
 Call we the shade of Pope, from that blest bow'r
 Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful sage ;
 Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
 When St. John's name^b illumin'd glory's page?
 Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain,
 Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe
 Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,
 The deathless meed, he only could bestow ?

^b Alluding to this couplet of Mr. Pope's,

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line,
 O let my country's friends illumine mine.

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
 Clouds the cælestial sunshine of his breast ;
 Ev'n now, repentant of his erring lays,
 He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.
 If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
 Yet pity Dryden, hark, whene'er he sings,
 How adulation drops her courtly dew
 On titled rhymers, and inglorious kings.
 See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
 His glitt'ring stores the tuneful spendthrift throws ;
 Where fear, or interest bids, behold they shine ;
 Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.
 Born with too gen'rous, or too mean a heart,
 Dryden ! in vain to thee those stores were lent :
 Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art ;
 Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.
 The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
 Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine :
 Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,
 Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.
 Go then, my friend, nor thy candid breast
 Condemn me, if I check the plausible string ;
 Go to the wayward world ; compleat the rest ;
 Be, what the purest muse would wish to sing.
 Be still thyself ; that open path of truth,
 Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue ;
 Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
 And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
 On vices front let fearful caution lour,
 And teach the diffident, discreeter part
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.
 So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
 When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
 He, to the amplest bounds of time's domain,
 On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
 For trust, with rev'rence trust this Sabine strain .|
 "The muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

I S I S. A N E L E G Y.

M D C C X L V I I I .

B Y T H E S A M E .

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
 Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;

While

While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace ;
 Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught science seen,
 Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mien :
 There cloud-crown'd fame, here peace sedate and bland,
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
 At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :
 Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.
 Yes, Isis ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
 While ev'ry science nurs'd its growing bays ;
 While ev'ry youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
 Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
 The muses, graces, virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond fancy leads th' ideal train,
 And ranks her troops on mem'ry's ample plain ;
 See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See ! Sidney, Raleigh, Hamden, Somers shine.

See Hough superior to a tyrant's doom
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
 Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
 Each breast, strong panting with its country's love,
 All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
 That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
 The well-earn'd prize of ev'ry virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.
 Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,
 There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty;
 "My son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,
 "In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
 "The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
 "Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
 "And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
 "Each youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign,
 "Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 "And speak, and act, and bleed in freedom's cause."
 The hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd
 The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
 While echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.
 But ah! how stillness slept upon the ground,
 How mute attention check'd each rising sound;

Scarce

Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I view
 Majestic wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
 View candor smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all judgment's radiance break.
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
 Here stript vain falsehood of her gaudy vest ;
 Here truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 E'er long to burst in blessings on mankind ;
 E'er long to shew to reason's purged eye,
 That " Nature's first best gift was liberty."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
 Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
 Ilissus ! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide ;
 Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neigh'ring glade,
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
 Tho' ev'ry academic green impress'd
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas ! how chang'd ! where now that Attic boast ?
 See ! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast ;
 See ! Hydra faction spread it's impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain :
 Hence frontless crouds, that not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,

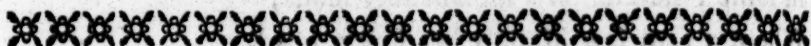
Blast the fair face of day ; and madly bold,
 To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold ;
 To freedom's foes, ah ! see the goblet crown'd
 Hear plausive shouts to freedom's foes resound ;
 The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt ;
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
 Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,
 Sworn foes like them to all the muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care ?
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,
 And boast while freedom bleeds, and virtue groans,
 That " Isis taught rebellion to her sons."
 Forbid it heaven ! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and overwhelm the recreant slaves !
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
 Is this deny'd ? then point some secret way
 Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may stray ;
 Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads
 Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,

O

There

There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side ;
 Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
 Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue ;
 Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
 And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.



THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY DR. THOMAS WARTON.

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride Romam,
 Semper in ore geris ? referunt si vera parentes,
 Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit
 Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
 Destituunt.—*

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
 The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews ;
 When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
 And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;
 Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,
 O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd :

And

And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
 In pensive mood I fram'd the doric lay.
 When lo ! from op'ning clouds, a golden gleam
 Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream ;
 And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;
 While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood,
 The silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod,
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
 Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy ;
 No more thy love-refounding sonnets suit
 To notes of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.
 For hark ! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
 To the dear muse afflicted freedom calls :
 When freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
 Why stays thy hand to strike the founding string ?
 While thus, in freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
 The venal sons of slavish Cam, unite ;
 To shake yon tow'rs, when malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause ;
 Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws :
 To pow'r your songs of gratulation pay,
 To courts address soft flattery's soothing lay.

What tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse ;
 What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe ?
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow
 Yet strove his muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head ?—
 Misguided youth ! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page ;
 A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
 And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
 Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame :
 Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean :
 Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain sanctify'd and sleek ;
 Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive,
 On fat pluralities supinely thrive :
 Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;
 For tinsel'd courts their laurel'd mount despise,
 In stars and strings superlatively wise :
 No longer charm'd by virtue's golden lyre,
 Who sung of old amid th'Aonian choir,
 Where Cam, flow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
 With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.

'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
 Where honour calls, and justice points the way ;

To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings.
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
 Scorning, and scorn'd by courts, yon muses' bow'r
 Still nor enjoys, nor asks the smile of pow'r.
 Tho' wakeful vengeance watch my crystal spring,
 Tho' persecution wave her iron wing,
 And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
 "These destin'd seats be mine" exulting cries;
 On Isis still each gift of fortune waits,
 Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.
 See science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd;
 With songs of joy my festal groves resound;
 My muse divine, still keeps her wonted state,
 The front erect, and high majestic gait:
 Green as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
 And still the graces build my Parian piles:
 My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

Ah should'st thou fall (forbid it heav'nly pow'rs!)
 Dash'd into dust with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs;
 Who but would mourn to British virtue dear,
 What patriot could refuse the manly tear!
 What British Marius could refrain to weep
 O'er mighty Carthage fall'n, a prostrate heap!

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;
 When yon proud dome, fair learning's amplest shrine,
 Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;

Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd cause ?
 What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay !
 How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd ;
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view !

O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine :
 Then bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful nine,
 Then music left her golden sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky :
 Swell'd the full song, and to my chiefs around,
 Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
 And list'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot :
 In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave ;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo ! at once the swelling concerts cease,
 And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.

Hark !

Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
 Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm;
 Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence;
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
 Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
 From me, as from my country, wins applause,
 And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
 While mine is truth's impenetrable shield;
 Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
 To wage with force like this, scholastic war?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence?
 Say, shall I suffer this domestic pest,
 This parricide that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in the stately ship that long has bore
 Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;

Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil
 The deep foundations of the watry pile.
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
 In vain the thunder's martial rage she stood,
 With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood;
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
 Than waves, or wars, or Eurys' wintry pow'r.

Ye venerable bow'rs, ye seats sublime,
 Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time;
 Ye stately piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence,
 Where ancient piety, a matron hoar,
 Still seems to keep the hospitable door;
 Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the fight,
 Still step by step to musings mild invite;
 Ye high-archt walks where oft the bard has caught
 The glowing sentiment the lofty thought;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-ecchoing praise;
 Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
 Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise;
 With ev'ry various flower their temples wreath'd,
 That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy crouding bards immortal Chaucer leads:
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
 And beams on all around celestial fire:
 With graceful step see Addison advance,
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
 To all, but his belov'd embrace, deny'd,
 See Locke leads reason, his majestic bride:
 See sacred Hammond, as he treads the field,
 With godlike arm uprears his heav'nly shield.

All who, beneath the shades of gentle peace,
 Best plan'd the labours of domestic ease;
 Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
 Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
 Who told the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd,
 All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind;
 Each priest of health, who mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
 All croud around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon solemn band! with virtuous aim,
 'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame:
 With pious plans each musing feature glows,
 And well weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows:

“Lo!

“ Lo ! these the leaders of thy patriot line,”
 Hamden, and Hooker, Hyde and Sidney shine.
 These from thy source the fires of freedom caught :
 How well thy sons by their example taught !
 While in each breast th’ hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish’d and the same !

Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,
 ’Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
 I see the sable-suited prince advance
 With lillies crown’d, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward—the muses in yon hallow’d shade
 Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade :
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father, of the laureat band,
 The ^d British king before me seems to stand.
 He by my plenty-crown’d scenes beguil’d,
 And genial influence of my seasons mild,
 Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
 The muse in prattling infancy convey’d ;
 From gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,
 And fix’d her cradle on my friendly shore :
 Soon grew the maid beneath his soft’ring hand,
 Soon pour’d her blessings o’er th’ enlighten’d land.
 Tho’ rude the ^e dome, and humble the retreat,
 Where first his pious care ordain’d her seat,

^d Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.

^e - - - - - Ad Capitolia ducit

Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.

VIRG. ÆN.

Lo !

Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bow'rs,
 And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.
 He first fair learning's and Britannia's cause
 Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws :
 He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,
 And form'd his soul to social scenes of art,
 Wisest and best of kings !—with ravish'd gaze
 Elate the long procession he surveys :
 Joyful he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He plan'd the rudiments of learning's reign :
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race express :
 With rapture views, fair freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
 (Such seen, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
 Unfullied on his ancient diadem)
 Well-pleas'd that in his own pierian seat
 She plumes her wings, and rests her weary feet ;
 That here at last she takes her fav'rite stand,
 " Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land."

NEW-MARKET. A SATIRE.

BY THE SAME.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each fond frolic what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups:
This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he sees
His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees;
Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove.
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns;
So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh—
He cares not—if his ^f Cæsars be but safe.
Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights,
These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's,
To different pleasures different tastes incline,
Nor the same sea receives the rushing swine.

^f Antique medals.

Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
In separate fies the mimic monsters roll.

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread olimpic ground!
Where fam'd New-market spreads her tempting plain,
There let the chosen steed victorious strain;
Where not * (as erst was sung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
Thro' the same path, to the same goal ye run,
And are, at once, undoing and undone,
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and estate,
Lose all at once—for what?—to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beasts, Acteon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;

* Alluding to those well known lines of Sir John Denham, in Cooper's Hill, on London.

“ — Thro' several ways they run,

“ Some to undo, and some to be undone.”

In

In simple state, where genuine nature wears
 Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar ,
 And form dark groves, which druids might adore ;
 Pride and support of Britain's conquering crosses,
 Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with moss :
 With meeting boughs, and deep'ning to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green :
 There the full stream, thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants a hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose gothic towers
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;
 Whose rafter'd hall the crouding tenants fed,
 And dealt to age and want their daily bread :
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties join'd,
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd ;
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral ^h masque.

^h It was a fashionable practice among our antient nobility and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of spending an evening

But vain all ancient praise, or boasts of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosp'rous heir,
 Hilario bets—Park, house dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies,
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fidler, highwayman, or player.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the list'd plain!
 Not more fantastic ⁱ Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse,

evening than this. Milton's *Comus* was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Castle,
 in the year 1631. See Ben Jonson's *Masques*.

ⁱ Chavileno. See *Don Quixote*.

He

He pierc'd heaven's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,
 Of young adventurers, on the muse's steed;
 For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had eat sirloins in peace :
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
 The mild October of a rural life :
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
 Tempt him to reign the steed, and stake his store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay ;
 When lo ! the chance of one unlucky heat
 Strips him of game, strong beer, and sweet retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness, and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires !
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires ?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
 (For some perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, by a lucky bet,)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race New-market's plains.
 See side by side, the jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh, my muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumults could produce—
 "Is Bedlam or the commons all broke loose?
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret drinking!
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at New-market, dislocated limbs.

Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring croud
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses, gravely fix the fate,

Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
And o'er th' equestrian rights, with care paternal watch.

Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise :
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause :
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum, but New-market's ^k stand.

Are these the sage directive powers design'd,
With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
In judgment's scales, the fate of realms to weigh,
Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey ?
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country's kings the sacred race :
Think London journies are the worst of ills,
And set their hands to articles for bills :
Strangers to all historians sage relate,
Their's are the memoirs of th' equestrian state :
Unskill'd in Albion's past and present views,
Who ^l Cheny's records for Rapin peruse.

^k A kind of scaffold, where is held a consistory, made up of several very eminent gentlemen, for determining doubtful cases in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be called a Pandæmonium.

^l The accurate and annual author of an historical list of the running-horses, &c.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
 See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
 Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide, with equal reins, a steed and state.

How would a virtuous ^m Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
 Bear slav'ry's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
 And robb'd of manhood by the murd'rous knife,
 Sustain each fordid toil of servile life.
 Yet oh, what rage would touch his gen'rous mind,
 To see his sons of more than mortal kind;
 A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
 That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
 That hated animal, a Yahoo-squire.

How are th' adventurers of the british race
 Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of ancient days;
 Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
 Divinely labour'd in the pythian dust.

^m Vide Gulliver's travellers, voyage to the Houhahyms.

Their's was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
 Their's was the Theban bard's recording song.
 Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
 Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
 Our british Therons issue to the race,
 Of their own gen'rous coursers the disgrace.
 What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
 They won no bets—but then they soar'd to gods;
 And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
 Than all the united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
 Thy solemn scenes, and awful visions rise,
 In ancient grace, before my musing eyes.
 Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
 There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at herⁿ fated hero's flashing spear.
 Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureat walks of sweet Ilissus spring:
 And lo where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—

Yet ah! no more the feat of art and arms
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue wars.
 Lo! the stern Turk, with more than gothic rage,
 Has blasted all the bays of ancient age;

ⁿ Leonidas.

No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
 Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fallen is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia watch! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
 Great nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware
 Left thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henry's rear,
 With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
 Or of the moral, or the martial deed.



ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND,
 AND ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

BY THE SAME.

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
 The tears that science sheds on glory's grave!
 So pure the vows which classic duty pays
 To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!—

O Pitt! if chosen strains have pow'r to steal
 Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
 If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
 Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
 On patriot plans which ancient freedom drew,
 Awhile with fond attention deign to view
 This ample wreath, which all th' assembled nine
 With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
 Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
 The duteous muse, whose haste officious brings
 Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
 Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office and her use of yore:
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispens'd in Græcia's golden days;
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
 She cul'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
 When virtuous Pindar told with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd:
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd the fate,
 The decent hand maid, not the slave of state;
 Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
 For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependance to divide:

Though

Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as George's trophied throne ?
 At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires :
 Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
 Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim.
 Once more the main her conqu'ring banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms :
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;
 As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
 Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state ;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak for public good.

In vain corruption calls her venal tribes ;
 One common cause, one common end prescribes ;
 Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens, the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
 O Pitt, while honour points thy lib'ral plan,
 And o'er the minister exalts the man,
 Isis congenial, greets thy faithful sway
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay,
 For science still is justly fond to blend,
 With thine, her practice, principles, and end.
 'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid slavery's sordid shrine to fawn ;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast
 To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress :
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew ;
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race :
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times she woo'd munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies ;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
 To form, diffuse, and fix her high command :
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial muse
 From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
 In the pure precepts of Athenian truth :
 Where first the form of British liberty
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye :
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
 Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
 Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
 Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
 The blessing's of her visionary reign ;
 That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
 Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
 But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 In full reality this favour'd isle.



ON THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

BY THE SAME.

TO THE QUEEN:

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
 Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;

When

When Albion's isles, old ocean's peerless pride,
 Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
 What bright ideas of the new domain
 Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
 That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
 Lo! this the land where freedom's sacred rage,
 Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.
 Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
 Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
 Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
 That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
 Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
 The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
 Here chivalry, stern school of valour old,
 Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
 Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
 And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall;
 While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
 Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
 Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
 What fertile fields her temperate suns display;
 Where property secures the conscious swain,
 And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:
 Hence ripe with stores her villages abound,
 Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
 Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
 And future navies crown her darksome hills.

To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war !
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream,
On ev'ry coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !
Meantime, remote from ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
Whose splendid domes, and tradeful streets declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O ! blest queen, if e'er the magic pow'rs
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;
Here poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bow'rs, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :
While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, sung
Of paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung,
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespear drew :
But chief, the mournful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest !
Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heav'n a seraph's lyre ;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's aramanthine grove.

Thine

Thine too, majestic bride, the favour'd clime,
 Where science sits enshrined in roofs sublime——
 O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
 O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
 Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
 Might catch thy glance, and, rich in nature's hue,
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due ;
 If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;
 Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain :
 Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
 To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside,
 Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
 Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.—

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace,
 With rapt reflection freedom's favourite race !
 But tho' the gen'rous isle, in arts and arms,
 Thus stands supreme, in nature's choicest charms ;
 Though George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
 One happier blessing still she calls her own ;
 And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,
 Crowns all her glory by possessing you.



ON THE BIRTH OF GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER AN INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR,

MDCCLXII.

BY THE SAME.

Imperial dome of Edward wife and brave!
Where warlike honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd it's gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, stately dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!

Him,

Him, the bold pattern of his patriot fire ;
 Shall fill with early fame immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, e'er buds the promis'd prime
 His thoughts shall mount to virtues meed sublime :
 The patriot fire shall catch with sure presage
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the braid of heav'nly die,
 True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
 Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,
 In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
 Vast images of Albion's elder days.
 While, as around his eager glance explores
 Thy chambers rough with war's constructed stores,
 Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
 Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils ;
 Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
 Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye :
 Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
 With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers ;
 On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
 His own victorious monument to place.
 Nor can a fairer kindred title move
 His emulative age to glory's love,
 Than Edward, laureat prince. In letter'd truth,
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd this studious youth :

Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
 The royal nursling reluctant bore;
 Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
 The moonlight cloyster's checquer'd floor to trace;
 Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
 Stream through the storied window's holy hue.
 And O, young prince, be thine his moral praise;
 Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
 War has it's charms terrific. Far and wide
 When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
 O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
 And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
 When now no dangers of the deathful day
 Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
 Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
 The youthful breast, and ask the future fight;
 Nor knows that horror's form, a spectre wan,
 Stalks yet unseen, along the gleamy van.
 May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
 Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.
 Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
 Be thine the scepter wreath'd with many a palm;
 Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
 The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!
 Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
 Bid rising arts display their mimic charms:
 Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
 Record the past, and rouse to future praise:

Before

Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
 Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass :
 Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
 And cloath with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boast,
 Thy tournaments, and list'd combats lost !
 From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
 Adventurous valours Gothic trophies torn !
 Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
 Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
 At length dissolve in truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright order bursts to purer day :
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
 On virtue's base its rescued glory rears ;
 Sees civil prowess mightier acts atchieve,
 Sees meek humanity distress relieve ;
 Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.



O D E F O R M U S I C.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD, ON THE
SECOND OF JULY MDCCLI.

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY THE LATE
LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM,

FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS TO THE
UNIVERSITY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHERE shall the muse, that on the sacred shell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd
The solemn strain delights to swell ;
Oh ! where shall Clio chuse a race,
Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd ?
Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honour'd Albion hail !
Where'er thy commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free ;
All honour'd Albion hail !

Q

II. But

II.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
 Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
 Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
 That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
 Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;
 Where Isis' waters wind
 Along the sweetest shore,
 That ever felt fair culture's hands,
 Or spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
 Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;
 Virtue's awful throne!
 Wisdom's immortal source!

Thee well her best lov'd may boasting Albion own,
 Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
 All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
 In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
 From age to age has still successive stream'd;
 Where learning and where liberty have nurs'd,
 For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
 Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

III.

In ancient days, when she the queen endu'd
 With more than female fortitude,
 Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
 Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
 Pallas descended from the realms of light,
 Imperial Britoness! thy kindred aid.

As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,

The goddesses fought a cooling stream,
By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave ;
And thus the watry nymph address'd.
Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy sweet refreshing stores impart :
A goddess from thy mossy brink
Asks of thy crystal stream to drink :
Lo ! Pallas asks the friendly gift ;
Thy coral crown'd tresses list,
Rise from the wave, propitious pow'r,
O listen from thy pearly bow'r.

IV.

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
As lonesome, in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell :
Then from her work arose the Naiads mild ;
She rose, and sweetly smil'd
With a many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent :
She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
To dip her casque, tho' dy'd in recent blood ;
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment.

For this, thy flood the fairest name
 Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
 Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,
 Of every tuneful breast the pride :
 For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
 Where now the cowslip paints the green
 With unregarded grace,
 Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
 As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
 She bends her silent pace ;
 Lo ! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
 A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,
 There all her force shall Pallas prove ;
 Of classic leaf with every crown,
 Each olive, meed of old remown,
 Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
 I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound ;
 And Oxford's sacred seats shall tow'r
 To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
 The trophy of my gratitude !
 The temple of my pow'r !

V.

Nor was the pious promise vain ;
 Soon illustrious Alfred came,
 And pitch'd fair wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.
 Alfred, on thee shall all the muses wait,
 Alfred, majestic name !
 Of all our praise the spring !

Thee

Thee all thy sons shall sing,
 Deck'd with the marshal and the civic wreath :
 In notes most awful shall the trumpet breath
 To thee, great Romulus of learning's richest state.

VI.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
 Oxford, thy rising temples own
 Soon many a man munificent,
 The prince, the prelate, laurel-crown'd croud,
 Their ample bounty lent
 To build the beauteous monument,
 That Pallas vow'd.

And now she lifts her head sublime
 Majestic in the mofs of time ;
 Nor wants there Grecia's better part,
 'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
 Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
 Wainflet and Wickam bravely plan'd ;
 Nor decent Doric to dispense
 New charms 'mid old magnificence ;
 And here and there soft Corinth weaves
 Her dædal coronet of leaves ;
 While, as with rival pride their tow'rs invade the sky,
 Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vye,
 Which shall deserve the foremost place,
 Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

VII.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise :
 Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
 With hands most skilful ; have their brows entwin'd
 With every fairest flow'r of Helicon,
 The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir ;
 Have had the musing mind
 Of ev'ry science pierce the pathless ways,
 And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won ;
 But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
 For freedom's cause a sacred zeal ;
 With british breast, and patriot pride,
 Have still corruption's cup defy'd ;
 In dangerous days untaught to fear,
 Have held the name of honour dear.

VIII.

But chief on this illustrious day,
 The muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
 Ere while she strove with accents weak
 In vain to build the lofty rhyme ;
 At length, by better days of bounty chear'd,
 She dares unfold her wing.
 Hail hour of transport most sublime !
 In which, the man rever'd
 Immortal Crew commands to sing,
 And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

IX. Blest

IX.

Blest prelate, hail!

Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!

From whose auspicious hand

On Isis' tow'rs new beauties beam,

New praise her nursing-fathers gain;

Immortal Crew!

Blest prelate hail!

E'en now fir'd fancy sees thee lead

To fame's high-seated fane

The shouting band!

O'er every hallowed head

Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread:

Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;

And bids the goddess lift

Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,

O Crew, thy consecrated gift,

And echo with his own in social strains thy name.



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INSCRIPTION IN A SUMMER HOUSE BELONGING
TO GILBERT WEST, ESQ. AT WICKAM IN KENT.

NO T wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant stands my rural cot :
Neither obnoxious to intruding crouds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy ;
Swift as my changing wish I shift the scene ;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

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P O L L I O :

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R— CASTLE MDCCLXII.

**T**H E peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,  
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green ;  
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,  
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,  
With solemn meditation let me stray ;  
This is the hour, when, to the wife and good,  
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale  
Whispers the gently waving boughs among,  
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,  
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,  
The silver empress of the night appears !  
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,  
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,  
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;  
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;  
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,  
The gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;  
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;  
Dark solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,  
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,  
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,  
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains ;

There, oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,  
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,  
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,  
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade  
 Surround yon craggy bank the castle rears  
 Its crumbling turrets : still its tow'ry head  
 A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air  
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends :  
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,  
 Though, trembling o'er the feeble crutch, he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,  
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;  
 Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,  
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires exulting from the fight,  
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the Lea,  
 Eying their rescued fields with proud delight;  
 Now lost to them ! and, ah ! how chang'd to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,  
 The dear idea of my Pollio bring ;  
 So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,  
 When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,  
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,  
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn  
 Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd :



So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,

These were the emblems of his healthful mind ;

To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,

To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd :

Him, with her purest flames, the muse endow'd,

Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied ;

The sacred sisters led where virtue glow'd

In all her charms ; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys !

Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,

Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,

And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun when life was new,

Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee ;

Oft by the moon have brush'd the ev'ning dew,

When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well where yon bleak hill declines,

Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;

But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,

And fainted well have lost their cheering powers,

For thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh where,

Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind !

My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,

Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind !

How

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,  
 The trackless shores that never were repast !  
 Dread separation ! on the depth untry'd  
 Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes ;  
 And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,  
 Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,  
 And could thy bright, thy living soul expire ?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,  
 The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,  
 The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,  
 Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wintery land,  
 The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies ;  
 Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand  
 With godlike strength beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,  
 With patience waits the rosy opening day ;  
 The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,  
 With chearful hope expects the morning ray,

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,  
 In mental vision view the happy shore,  
 Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,  
 Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,  
 Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,  
 Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,  
 And from my eyes the mortal film remove !

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain  
 Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,  
 Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,  
 And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,  
 Still, oh my soul ! still be thy dear employ ;  
 Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,  
 And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,  
 In antient days, the holy seers retir'd,  
 And led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,  
 While rising extacies their bosoms fir'd ;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,  
 The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,  
 One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,  
 The flowery mountains sung, " Messiah reigns !"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,  
 Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,  
 Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,  
 What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There,

There, where the crosses in hoary ruin nod,  
 And weeping yews o'er-shade the letter'd stones,  
 While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,  
 And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones,

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,  
 When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,  
 All nature smiling, and by angels borne,  
 Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.



## THE CHARGE OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

BY RICHARD ONELY, M. A.

**W**HAT means this awful sight? why round me shine  
 Those radiant glories, and that form divine?  
 See! where, commission'd with some dread command,  
 How sternly waves yon' visionary hand!  
 Near and more near it beckons, "Cyrus, rise;  
 "The Gods remand thee to thy native skies."

Since thus the pleasure of imperial Jove,  
 And solemn omens warn me from above;  
 Come then, ye fathers, venerable grown,  
 Whose steady counsels prop the Persian throne!  
 Ye friends, long wedded to fair virtue's cause,  
 And ye, my sons, whom filial duty awes!

Atten-



Attentive hear, amidst th' assembled throng,  
The dying accents of a monarch's tongue.

I cease to live ! yet, ah ! forbear to shew  
The mad expressions of unmanly woe.  
To die, is to be blest : this understood,  
'Twere needless mourning for the wise and good.

What virtues charm us, or what arts engage  
In childhood, youth, in manhood, or in age,  
In these I spent each well-distinguish'd day,  
And still pursu'd, where honour led the way :  
Mine was each gift kind fortune could afford,  
The statesman's counsel, or the hero's sword.  
See, Asia, see thy once ignoble race,  
What glory heightens, and what worthies grace !  
See peace thy realms with smiling train adorn,  
And plenty pour the treasures of her horn.

Yet, oft as fortune blew propitious gales,  
And mildest zephyrs fann'd my swelling sails,  
Still caution warn'd me, anxious for the realm,  
And reason fear'd to quit her much-lov'd helm :  
She calmly stemm'd ambition's boist'rous tide,  
And lower'd the projects of gigantic pride :  
Hence unimpair'd are all my blessings now ;  
Hence fresh my laurels blooming o'er my brow :  
Sage foresight only keeps our conquests won ;  
The too secure too surely are undone.

No claimant princes shall hereafter jar,  
(The bloody sources of intestine war.)

For

For thus I will—both ye, my children, share  
 Alike my fondness, and alike my care !  
 Yet you, my eldest, to the crown succeed ;  
 'Tis what thy father, what the gods decreed.  
 Reflect, that monarchs only were design'd  
 To guard their people, and to bless mankind !  
 Each royal mandate equity should bound,  
 And goodness cast a smile on all around.

Nor less, whilst, hov'ring o'er th' embattl'd field,  
 Her palms to thee fond victory shall yield,  
 Let mercy plead : no hero's truly brave  
 Without that god-like principle—To save :  
 Distress should bid our gen'rous pity flow,  
 Whilst nature softens at another's woe.  
 By me releas'd, O ! how the Jewish choir  
 To Sion's songs re tun'd the sacred lyre,  
 Which by the ° streams of Babylon, unstrung,  
 In late sad silence on the willows hung !  
 ¶ Dismiss'd with presents to their old abode,  
 To build the temple of their much-lov'd god,  
 ¶ Each mouth was full of laughter long unknown ;  
 The joy, that fill'd their hearts, o'erflow'd my own.  
 Thy breast, young prince, let all these virtues fire,  
 And nobly to the world confess thy fire.

° See Psalm cxxxvii.

¶ The famous edict of Cyrus in behalf of the Jews, which is here alluded to, is recited in 1 Esdras. 2 Chron. i. 7.

¶ See Psalm cxxvi.

This happy state, that, from an heav'nly plan,  
Forms every scheme of happiness to man,  
By justice 'stablish, and by arms defend;  
No feuds embroil, and no divisions rend!  
Transmit entire, to bless the peaceful home  
Of nations now unborn, and monarch's yet to come.

And thou, my son, thou youngest, shalt command  
The narrower confines of some neighbouring land.  
Tho' larger realms thy brother's sway confess,  
Thy peace is greater, as thy kingdom less.  
Ambition's spur still pungent to the soul,  
When o'er his mind his father's glories roll;  
Pursuing close up labour's craggy steep,  
Fame hard to gain, and harder yet to keep;  
Foremost in cares, as first in rule to shine;  
These, these are his—but pleasures all are thine.

And weak, Cambyfes, will thy kingdom prove,  
Without the scepter of thy people's love.  
But yet it asks thy caution, all thy care,  
Thy subjects when to court, and when beware:  
Not true by nature, man, whate'er he boast,  
Most faithful seeming, may deceive the most.  
Be thine the well-try'd statesman, prudent, just,  
Unsway'd by lucre, unenslav'd by lust;  
Who public good prefers to private ends,  
Whose truth directs you, and whose zeal defends.  
Then no sad murmurs can suspicion raise;  
Admiring anarchy itself obeys;

Base treason dreads infernal plots to lay,  
And calm'd rebellion looks her rage away.

This once, O † Daniel, was thy god-like part,  
Thy head as learn'd, as was sincere thy heart.  
Tho' sullen jealousy oft curs'd thy name,  
And envy plann'd the ruins of thy fame,  
Thy spotless honour cou'd the mouth defy  
Of deadly lions, or the deadlier spy.  
Chiefs, such as thou, best guard each prince's cause,  
Whom conscience binds, and whom religion awes.

Thy friends promote, thy brother first of these,  
Advancing most his honour, interest, ease ;  
So shall his soul with kindred passions burn,  
And grateful friendship make the best return ;  
Faithful alike his counsels and his arms,  
When peace shall bless you, or when war alarms.

But, oh ! if where respect her balms should bring,  
Pride rears her crest, and envy's adders sting ;  
If royal brothers, when some fiend inspires,  
When anger prompts, or when ambition fires,  
Divide themselves, and with imperious awe  
Their people's hearts to diff'rent factions draw ;  
Then soon will peace, that guardian goddess, fail,  
And injur'd justice drop her equal scale ;

† The prophet Daniel was prime minister about 70 years to the princes of Babylon, of whom Cyrus was the last, who engag'd him in his service, in which he, very probably, died.



Faith, heav'nly guest, forsake her wonted stand,  
 And truth indignant flee the guilty land ;  
 In concord's temple wild contention reign,  
 And mad'ning fury clank her broken chain ;  
 Her rights sequester'd freedom shall deplore,  
 And mercy's grand asylum be no more.

O ! then, my sons, by that great God above !  
 By filial duty ! by paternal love !  
 Let sacred friendship with you ever grow,  
 The best of blessings earth contains below.

Nor think, when this poor life away shall flee,  
 Your royal father never more must be.  
 Tho' in our breast the soul's unseen, 'tis clear,  
 A soul immortal has existence there.  
 Or whence has action its energetic spring ?  
 Or whence, reflection, thy excursive wing ?  
 Whence all the dreadful scene of horror spread  
 Around the trembling murderer's guilty head !  
 Or why does thus, when mortals dare to sin,  
 Vindictive conscience ply the lash within ?  
 Why o'er the grave those glaring trophies blaze ?  
 Why all the pomp of monumental praise ?  
 Vain were the lofty muses' epic strain,  
 Vain the sad dirge, the rising column vain,  
 If human souls mortality must share,  
 And at the last but vanish into air.

Our thirst for truth, which cannot here abate,  
 Points out some clearer, some more perfect state ;

Whilst longing hope still bids us calmly die,  
And take our fair possession of the sky.

See innocence with various cares distress'd,  
Unfed, uncloath'd, unmanfion'd, and oppress'd!  
See modest worth, 'midst troubles undeserv'd!  
Admir'd, repuls'd! just pity'd, prais'd, and starv'd!  
Yet still rejoice the sons of virtuous woe,  
Tho' prosperous vice triumphant reigns below;  
On honour's mount tho' glares the perjur'd chief,  
They walk contented thro' the vale of grief!  
—It must be so—what reas'n'r can believe,  
'That souls, when freed from bodies, cease to live?  
Let age the weak corporeal frame destroy,  
'The soul survives—this, this can never die:  
Whilst that inactive moulders in the tomb,  
This still shall flourish in immortal bloom,  
Purg'd from all earthly dross, for ever rove  
Thro' all th' unbounded tracts of happiness above.

When drowsy slumbers o'er the spirits creep,  
Reflect, what death is, from it's image, sleep!  
In airy dreams the soul then wings its way,  
Freed from the dull impediments of clay,  
Holds converse sweet with ev'ry kindred pow'r,  
In myrtle grove, or amaranthin bow'r;  
Thro' worlds unknown quick darts the vital flame,  
And traverses all heav'n, from whence it came.

But yet if, with the body, rigid fate  
The soul's existence should annihilate,

(How,

(How, when fond thoughts the pleasing theme pursue,  
Does anxious <sup>s</sup> doubt thus terminate the view !)

Yet still to God let pure devotion rise,  
All-pow'rful, just, all-merciful and wise ;  
Whose piercing eye each secret fraud detects ;  
Whose wisdom governs, and whose care directs ;  
That time, nor fate hath in confusion hurl'd  
The beauty, order, grandeur of the world.

Hence, where some <sup>t</sup> mountain, awful to the sight,  
Rears its huge summit to yon realms of light,  
Let humble pray'r, propitiating the sky,  
The body prostrate, or uplift the eye ;  
There glad thanksgiving grateful altars raise !  
There choral pæans swell the song of praise !

Let no corruption near thy palace spread,  
Nor dire oppression rear her iron head.  
There heav'n-born virtues shall attract the sight,  
Peace, love, and charity, divinely bright ;

<sup>s</sup> The notions of the wisest heathens concerning a future state were mixed with such doubts and uncertainties, that the strongest expressions of their philosophers upon this subject are little better than mere scepticism, when compared to the discoveries of the gospel, which alone has brought life and immortality to their fullest light.

<sup>t</sup> The Persians generally performed their religious exercises in the open air, on high places ; as thinking it derogatory from the majesty of the deity, to shut that God up within walls, who should have the earth for his altar, and the whole world for his temple.

There bounty, guided by <sup>u</sup> discretion's hand,  
 Shall deal her favours to a grateful land :  
 There truth shall smile, in awful state enshrin'd,  
 The fair resemblance of th' eternal mind,  
 There mercy shall vouchsafe her milder word ;  
 'There justice brandish her impartial sword,  
 Shall right the injur'd, and the weak defend,  
 Each orphan's guardian, and each widow's friend.

Pursue, great prince, pursue th' important plan ;  
 Be fear'd, as monarch ; but be lov'd, as man.

And when my soul, fair tenant, flies away  
 From this frail mansion mould'ring to decay,  
 No costly pile with fun'ral grandeur burn,  
 Nor cull my ashes for the pompous urn ;  
 Far other honours let these relics have,  
 The low-delv'd chamber of some silent grave :  
 Where when our gloomy long abode we fix,  
 The human particles with earthly mix,  
 Whilst beyond fate, and fortune's farthest line,  
 For ever lives the particle divine.

Yet make my <sup>x</sup> tomb to future ages known,  
 And with a modest verse inscribe the stone :

<sup>u</sup> It is a fine compliment, that Pliny pays to the munificence of the emperor Trajan,—*Augeo principis munus, quum ostendo liberalitati ejus inesse rationem.* Plin. Paneg. Traj.

<sup>x</sup> Plutarch tells us, that Alexander, upon his first coming into Asia, found the sepulchre of Cyrus inscribed with an epitaph ; and was exceedingly affected with so serious a lesson upon the instability of all human affairs. Plut. Life of Alex.



The verse shall preach some moral truth to man—

“ That fortune’s various, or that life’s a span ;

“ That vain the pomp, and pageantry of state,

“ That weak the mighty, and that frail the great ;

“ Grandeur a bubble ! honours empty all !

“ That heroes perish, and that monarchs fall.”

And now, my friends, receive the parting view,

Press my chill’d hand, and bid the last adieu !

Call my dear Persians round the solemn bier,

And you, my *y* fellow-soldiers, you be there !

With me who brav’d Arabia’s pathless lands,

Bleak Scythia’s coasts, and India’s burning sands ;

Whilst strew’d on heaps around the foaming steed,

Or groan’d th’ Assyrian, or expir’d the Mede.

Brave troops ! by whom, as heav’n protecting led,

Great Croesus fell, and proud Belshazzar bled.

But now, frail health, how wan thy roses seem !

In flower currents flows the purple stream.

No more this breast with martial rage shall glow,

Nor rush all vengeance on the adverse foe ;

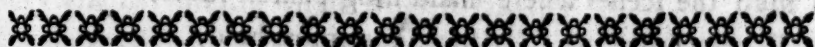
*y* Cyrus’s remarkable humanity, munificence, and affability to his soldiery, are frequently mentioned by Xenophon ; his harangues to them, before any military enterprize are particularly fine ; himself and his whole army went to prayers, sung an hymn, and performed other duties to heaven, before and after battle, and always made the first onset in the name of *Ζεὺς Σωτὴρ καὶ Ἥρμης*, that is, his country god, the protector and leader.

No more this arm the flaming faulchion wield,  
 Or gather laurels from the well-fought field ;  
 No more—for see the dire disease prevail,  
 My nerves all tremble, all my spirits fail !  
 —Ah, why those cries ? see lovely reason near  
 To calm the soul, and wipe off ev'ry tear.  
 O ! rather all your wonted joys renew !  
 If life I leave, I leave its troubles too :  
 For, if my happy soul to God ascends,  
 Or in mere nothing if my being ends,  
 Death soon shall waft me to some unknown shore,  
 Where labours end, and sorrows are no more :  
 Where patriot heroes in the peaceful shade  
 No factions threaten, and no foes invade ;  
 Where long oblivion, ending anxious strife,  
 Stills the wild hurry of a noisy life ;  
 Or where all joys with heart-felt ease abound,  
 Whilst youthful spring for ever blooms around.

Come then, dear pledges of connubial joy,  
 Come, give the fond embrace, and let me die ;  
 Next, to your <sup>z</sup> mother all this scene impart ;  
 How will it wound, sad tale ! her tender heart !  
 Her heart by grief too delicately mov'd,  
 For ever loving, and for ever lov'd.

<sup>z</sup> Cyrus married the daughter of Cyaxares ; who was a very beautiful young princess, and had the kingdom of Media for her portion.

Ah ! now what ease employs her softer hours,  
 Near murm'ring fountains, or in cooling bow'rs  
 At Sufa's royal court ? what princely care  
 Far from her dying lord detains my fair ?  
 Where now that tongue, that never ceas'd to charm ?  
 Where the soft smile, that sickness could disarm ?  
 Or where the hands my weary eyes to close,  
 The last kind office in my last repose ?  
 How oft I nam'd her with my latest breath,  
 How blest'd her absent, in the midst of death,  
 Ye conscious skies, ye lights cœlestial, tell !  
 Farewel, O loveliest of thy sex, farewell !  
 Farewel, my chiefs ! in my example see  
 What monarch, gen'ral, patriot, friend, should be.



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

**S**TERN winter hence with all his train removes ;  
 And chearful skies and limpid streams are seen ;  
 Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves ;  
 Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year,  
 When blooming spring's full bounty is display'd;  
 The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear;  
 The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair!  
 Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,  
 Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,  
 Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,  
 The smile of beauty and the voice of song;  
 If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,  
 Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,  
 Where pride and folly high dominion hold,  
 And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves  
 O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold:

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,  
 The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,  
 The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield  
 Than all the pomp imperial domes display;

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,  
 These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,  
 Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,  
 And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While



While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed ;  
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom ;  
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,  
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume ;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd  
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast ?  
O why this fate that fear and pain divide  
His few short hours on earths delightful coast ?

Ah cease—no more of providence complain !  
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,  
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,  
And palls each joy by heav'n indulg'd below :

Why else the smiling infant train so blest,  
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,  
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,  
Or ill propension ripens into sin ?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,  
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,  
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,  
And all their days and all their prospects please ;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,  
Where on 'Thamesis' banks I liv'd immur'd,  
The new blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,  
To Surry's-wood crown'd hills my steps allur'd :

O happy

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled !  
What share I now "that can your loss repay,"  
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,  
And veil the light of life's meridian ray ?

Is there no power this darkness to remove ?  
The long lost joys of Eden to restore,  
Or raise our views to happier seats above,  
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more :

Yes those there are who know a Saviour's love  
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,  
And raise their views to happier seats above,  
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more :

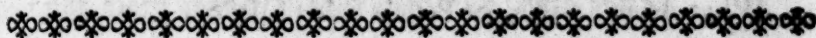
These grateful share the gift of nature's hand ;  
And in the varied scenes that round them shine,  
(The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand)  
Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in the enamel'd vale,  
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays ;  
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,  
But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,  
For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;  
To them more fair the fairest smile of day,  
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply ;

They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring  
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,  
The day that centers in eternal spring.



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY MDCCLVII.

**T**HREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,  
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,  
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,  
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,  
And still and vacant where yon fields extend,  
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat  
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,  
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry ;  
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,  
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

When

Where are the flow'rs that made the garden gay?

Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?  
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,  
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,

What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,  
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,  
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,

That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?  
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng  
Pine thro' this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by summer brought?

The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?  
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,  
The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul imagination cheers,

Her pleasing colours paint the future gay;  
Time passes on, the truth itself appears,  
The pleasing colours instant fade away:

In diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,

And these shall spring supply, and summer these;  
Yet frequent storms the bloom of spring deface,  
And summer scarcely brings a day to please.



O for some secret shady cool recess!

Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,  
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress;  
Where the long isle invites the lazy breeze:

But why these plaints?—amid his wastes of sand,

Far more than this the wand'ring Arab feels;  
Far more the Indian in Columbus' land,

While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the sensible of mind sustains,

Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame:

The hopeless lover, bound in beauty's chains,

And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns

Or lovely comfort lost in early bloom:

He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,

Or slow disease leads ling'ring to the tomb—

Left man should sink beneath the present pain;

Left man should triumph in the present joy;

For him th' unvarying "Laws of heav'n ordain,"

Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the sun we share,

Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;

Hence shall our fruits a richer flavour bear,

Hence shall our plains with riper harvests smile:

Reflect

Reflect and be content—for mankind's good  
Heav'n gives the due degrees of drought or rain;  
To-morrow ceaseless show'rs may swell the flood,  
Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand,  
Hark, in the east loud blust'ring gales arise;  
Wide, and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,  
And distant light'nings flash along the skies:

O in the awful concert of the storm,  
While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join!  
Let the great ruler's praise my song inform,  
Let wonder, rev'rence, gratitude be mine.



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HARVEST.

**F**AREWEL the pleasant violet-scented shade;  
The primros'd-hill, and daisy-mantled mead;  
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;  
The sunny wall with bloomy branches spread:

Farewel

Farewel the bow'r with blushing roses gay ;  
 Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field ;  
 Farewel the walk thro' rows of new-mown hay,  
 When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield ;

Farewel to these—now round the lonely farms,  
 Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat ;  
 Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,  
 Declares kind nature's annual work compleat.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,  
 Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain ;  
 Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,  
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champain.

The smile of morning gleams along the hills ;  
 And wakeful labour calls her sons abroad ;  
 They leave with chearful look their lowly vills,  
 And bids the fields resign their ripen'd load.

To various tasks address the rustic band,  
 And here the scythe, and there the sickle weild ;  
 Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land ;  
 Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,  
 Some lead to shelt'ring barns the fragrant corn,  
 Some form tall ricks that tow'ring o'er the plains,  
 For many a mile the rural yards adorn.—

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,  
The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,  
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,  
And joyful swains that raise the clam'rous song,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords  
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend ;  
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,  
And bid to heav'n your grateful praise ascend.

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground  
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,  
Tho' the blithe youth of every hamlet round,  
Pursued for these thro' many a day their toil ;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares ?  
Can all your labours all your cares supply,  
Bright suns or soft'ning show'rs or tepid airs,  
Or one indulgent influence of the sky ?

For providence decrees that we obtain  
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use ;  
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,  
If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,  
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays,  
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands  
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.



Prolific thro' thy fields and mild thy clime,  
 Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,  
 Have felt the prey of famine, war, and time,  
 And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,  
 Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,  
 Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,  
 Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil;

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!  
 Where rose fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,  
 Thron'd on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,  
 Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign,

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,  
 Where Sharon's flow'rs disclos'd their varied hues;  
 The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,  
 And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;  
 Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,  
 Her corn-clad mountains and Elyfian bow'rs,  
 And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd.

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,  
 And town to town return'd the favourite sound;  
 Where patriot war her awful standard rear'd,  
 And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around:

There freedom's praise no more the valley hears,  
 There patriot-war no more her banner waves;  
 Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,  
 But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?  
 Of mighty realms that fell when mad with pow'r,  
 They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains;  
 Each monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fates,  
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;  
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,  
 The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Bright truth the noblest of the sacred band,  
 Sweet peace whose brow no ruffling frown deforms,  
 Fair charity with ever open hand,  
 And courage smiling midst a thousand storms.

O haste to grace our isle ye lovely train!  
 So may the pow'r whose hand all blessing yields,  
 Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,  
 And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

ELEGY

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

**T**HE sun far southward bends his annual way,  
The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,  
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,  
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call ;  
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,  
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly scenes by spring supply'd,  
The May-flow'r'd hedges scenting ev'ry breeze ;  
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain side,  
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees ?

Where is gay summer's sportive insect train,  
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd ?  
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,  
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade ?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,  
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,  
What time the village peoples all the hill,  
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,  
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!  
Our winter chills us and our summer burns,  
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,  
Where Indian streams thro' green Savannah's flow;  
Where brighter suns and ever-tranquil skies,  
Bid new fruits ripen and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey,  
There half the year descends in watry storms;  
Or nature sickens in the blaze of day,  
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,  
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,  
His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,  
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's strife?  
Who dreams of constant happiness below?  
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;  
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.



For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,  
Led by false hope in search of many a joy ;  
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,  
No place, no season sacred from annoy :

For me, while winter rages round the plains,  
With his dark days I'll human life compare ;  
Not those more fraught with clouds and winds and rains,  
Than this with pining pain and anxious care,

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate !  
Whate'er the season or the place posselt,  
We ever murmur at our present state ;  
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest :

Why else when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,  
Does the sad knell that sounding o'er the plain,  
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,  
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain ?

The voice of reason echoes in my ear,  
Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay ;  
No more these " nostrils breathe the vital air,"  
No more these eyelids open on the day.

O winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,  
Thy threat'ning skies in dusky horrors drest ;  
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,  
Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough has heav'n indulg'd of joy below,  
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;  
Enough has heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,  
To make us languish for a happier feat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,  
There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;  
Contentment smiling at each idle care;  
Contentment thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in winter many a scene to please;  
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,  
The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,  
The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,  
When blust'ring Caurus purifies the air,  
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,  
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear:

She bids for all our grateful praise arise,  
To him whose mandate spake the world to form;  
Gave spring's gay bloom, and summer's chearful skies,  
And autumn's corn-clad field and winter's founding storm.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ODE ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

*Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli,  
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaveis dædala tellus  
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;  
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.*

LUCRET.

**H**ENCE, iron-scepter'd winter haste  
To bleak Siberian waste!  
Haste to thy polar solitude;  
Mid cataracts of ice,  
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,  
From many an airy precipice,  
Where, ever beat by fleetly show'rs,  
Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;  
Amid whose howling iles and halls,  
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,  
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud,  
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.  
E'en now, before the vernal heat,  
Sullen I see thy train retreat:

Thy

Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,  
 That on a ravenous tiger rides,  
 Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn  
 Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :  
 Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,  
 In mantle clad of watchet hue :  
 And cold, like Zemblan savage seen,  
 Still threatening with his arrows keen ;  
 And next, in fury coat embost  
 With icicles, his brother frost.  
 Winter farewell ! thy forests hoar,  
 Thy frozen floods delight no more ;  
 Farewell the fields so bare and wild !  
 But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,  
 Sweetest summer ! haste thee here,  
 Once more to crown the gladden'd year.  
 Thee April blythe, as long of yore,  
 Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,  
 With muskie nectar-trickling wing,  
 (In the new worlds first dawning spring,)  
 To gather balm of choicest dews,  
 And patterns fair of various hues,  
 With which to paint in changeful dye,  
 The youthful earth's embroidery ;  
 To cull the essence of rich smells  
 In which to dip his new-born bells ;  
 Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,  
 He found an infant, smiling sweet ;

Where



Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd  
 The soft lap of the fragrant ground.  
 There on an aramanthine bed,  
 Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;  
 Till soon beneath his forming care,  
 You bloom'd a goddess debonair;  
 And then he gave the blessed isle  
 Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:  
 There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,  
 With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:  
 And to thy care the task assign'd  
 With quickening hand, and nurture kind,  
 His roseate infant-birth's to rear,  
 Till autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee nymph! and hand in hand,  
 With thee lead a buxom band;  
 Bring fantastic-footed joy,  
 With sport that yellow-tressed boy.  
 Leisure that through the balmy sky,  
 Chases a crimson butterfly.  
 Bring health that loves in early dawn  
 To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;  
 Bring pleasure, rural nymph, and peace,  
 Meek, cottage-loving shepherdes!  
 And that sweet stripling, zephyr, bring,  
 Light, and for ever on the wing.  
 Bring the dear muse, that loves to lean  
 On river-margins, mossy green.

But

But who is she, that bears thy train,  
Pacing light the velvet plain?  
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,  
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;  
'Tis May the grace—confest she stands  
By branch of hawthorn in her hands;  
Lo! near her trip the lightsome dew,  
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;  
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,  
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,  
Has drest the groves in liv'ry green;  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;  
While evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
Puts her matron-mantle on,  
And mists in spreading steams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;  
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet  
Contemplation hoar to meet,  
As slow he winds in museful mood,  
Near the rush'd marge of Cheswell's flood;  
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,  
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,  
All playful yet, in years unripe,  
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.  
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:

His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
 Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.  
 The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
 Rests him at a shady stile.  
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
 Refreshment o'er my footed sense;  
 Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,  
 Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume:  
 Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet  
 To bathe in dew my roving feet:  
 Nor wants there note of Philomel,  
 Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:  
 Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
 Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cott:  
 Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
 Or deep-embattel'd ears of corn:  
 Round ancient elm, with humming noise,  
 Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.  
 Meantime, a thousand dies invest  
 The ruby chambers of the west!  
 That all aflant the village tow'r  
 A mild reflected radiance pour,  
 While, with the level-streaming rays  
 Far seen its arched windows blaze:  
 And the tall grove's green top is dight  
 In russet tints, and gleams of light:  
 So that the gay scene by degrees  
 Bathes my blythe heart in extasies;

And

And fancy to my ravish'd fight  
 Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.  
 At length the parting light subdues  
 My soften'd soul to calmer views,  
 And fainter shapes of pensive joy,  
 As twilight dawns, my minds employ,  
 Till from the path I fondly stray  
 In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;  
 Wandering thro' the landscape still,  
 Till melancholy has her fill ;  
 And on each moss-wove border damp,  
 The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,  
 Sits throned in his highest tow'r ;  
 Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead  
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :  
 To mix in rural mood among  
 The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;  
 Or, as the tepid odours breathe,  
 The russet piles to lean beneath :  
 There as my listless limbs are thrown  
 On couch more soft than palace down ;  
 I listen to the busy sound  
 Of mirth and toil that hums around ;  
 And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,  
 Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,  
 When the bright sun's returning pow'r,

With



With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,  
 And cheer'd reviving nature's form ;  
 By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,  
 Let me my wholesome path pursue ;  
 There issuing forth the frequent snail,  
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail,  
 While as I walk, from pearled bush  
 The sunny sparkling drop I brush ;  
 And all the landscape fair I view  
 Clad in robe of fresher hue :  
 And so loud the black-bird sings,  
 That far and near the valley rings.  
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock  
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;  
 From bowering beech the mower blythe  
 With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;  
 While o'er the smooth unbounded meads  
 His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,  
 Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,  
 O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak  
 Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;  
 Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,  
 Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;  
 Which, as they gush upon the ground,  
 Still scatter misty dews around :  
 A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,  
 Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;

Cool

Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,  
 Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;  
 Or noon-tide grott where Sylvan sleeps  
 In hoar Lycæum's piny sleeps.

Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,  
 While all without is scorch'd in day;  
 Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath  
 His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;  
 The drooping hedger wishes eve,  
 In vain, of labour short reprieve!  
 Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands  
 Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands:  
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye  
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,  
 Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,  
 Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.  
 How does he wish some cooling wave  
 To flake his lips, or limbs to lave!  
 And thinks, in every whisper low,  
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,  
 Dim temple of sage solitude!  
 But still in fancy's mirror seen  
 Some more romantic scene would please,  
 There within a nook most dark,  
 Where none my musing mood may mark;  
 Let me in many a whisper'd rite,  
 The genius old of Greece invite,

With

With that fair wreath my brows to bind,  
 Which for his chosen imps he twin'd  
 Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,  
 On-clear Ilissus' laureat shore.—  
 Till high on waving nest reclin'd,  
 The raven wakes my tranced mind !

Or to the forest-fringed vale  
 Where widow'd turtles love to wail,  
 Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,  
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak :  
 In the midst, with sedges grey  
 Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,  
 And trembling through the weedy wreaths,  
 Around an oozy freshness breathes.  
 O'er the solitary green,  
 Nor cott, nor loitering hind is seen :  
 Nor aught alarms the mute repose,  
 Save that by fits an heiffer lows :  
 A scene might tempt some peaceful sage  
 To rear him a lone hermitage ;  
 Fit place his pensive elb might chuse  
 On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease  
 Some more romantic scene might please ?  
 Or spicy bank, or magic lawn,  
 By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn.  
 Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,  
 By legendary pens pourtray'd.

Haste let me shroud from painful light,  
 On that hoar hill's aerial height,  
 In solemn state, where waving wide,  
 Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide  
 The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs  
 Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,  
 Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,  
 In Scotland's martial days of old,  
 Descended from the stately feast,  
 Begirt with many a warrior-guest,  
 To quell the pride of Norway's king,  
 With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.  
 As thro' the caverns dim I wind,  
 Might I that holy legend find,  
 By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,  
 To teach enquiring later times,  
 What open force, or secret guile,  
 Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole  
 First issues from her eastern goal ;  
 Let not my due feet fail to climb  
 Some breezy summit's brow sublime,  
 Whence nature's universal face,  
 Illumin'd smiles with new born grace ;  
 The misty streams that wind below,  
 With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;  
 The groves, and castled cliffs appear  
 Invested all in radiance clear ;



O! every village-charm beneath!  
 The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!  
 O beauteous, rural interchange!  
 The simple squire, and elmy grange!  
 Content, indulging blissful hours,  
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,  
 And cattle rous'd to pasture new,  
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O summer mild,  
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:  
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes:  
 Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;  
 What fires within my bosom wake,  
 How glows my mind the reed to take!  
 What charms like thine the muse can call,  
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;  
 With whom each field's a paradise,  
 And all the globe a bow'r of bliss!  
 With thee conversing, all the day,  
 I meditate my lightsome lay.  
 These pedant cloisters let me leave  
 To breathe my votive song at eve,  
 In valleys where mild whispers use;  
 Of shade and stream to court the muse;  
 While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,  
 I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,  
 And age shall give the tresses hoar.

I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,  
 And make an humble thatch my home,  
 Which sloping hills around enclose,  
 Where many a beech and brown oak grows;  
 Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs  
 Its tides a far-fam'd river pours :  
 By nature's beauties taught to please,  
 Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!  
 Still grot of peace! in lowly shed  
 Who loves to rest her gentle head.  
 For not the scenes of Attic art  
 Can comfort care, or sooth the heart :  
 Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,  
 For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,  
 Send me a little and content ;  
 The faithful friend, end chearful night,  
 The social scene of dear delight :  
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,  
 The musing eve, and idle day.  
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,  
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit :  
 To catch the bold heroic flame,  
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.  
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise  
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :  
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds  
 And paint heroic ancient deeds :

To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,  
 And Edward, stern in fable mail.  
 Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,  
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome;  
 O ever to sweet poesie,  
 Let me live true votary!  
 She shall lead me by the hand,  
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!  
 She from her precious stores shall shed  
 Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:  
 She, from my tender youthful cheek  
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,  
 The secret and unpitied tear,  
 Which still I drop in darkness dear.  
 She shall be my blooming bride,  
 With her, as years successive glide,  
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,  
 For ever held in holy trance.



# T R U E      B E A U T Y:

BY DR. FORDYCE.

**T**HE diamond's and the ruby's blaze,  
 Disputes the palm with beauty's queen:  
 Not beauty's queen commands such praise,  
 Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But the soft tear in pity's eye  
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;  
But the sweet blush of modesty,  
More beauteous than the ruby seems.



ARISTOTLE'S PÆAN TO VIRTUE  
IMITATED.

BY MR. SHEPHERD

**V**IR T U E, stern tutress, hail!  
Hail thou, whose guidance trains  
In life's rough paths the delegated youth ;  
Each thought, each enterprising deed arraigns  
At the tribunal of impartial truth :  
What charms attractive grace thy modest mein,  
Or in religion's snow white veil,  
Or unstain'd robes of honour drest ;  
Thy eye how bold, yet mild ; how rigid, yet serene !  
Thine, virgin, was the genial fire,  
That glow'd in each heroic breast ;  
And prompted to aspire,  
On merits field to win an honour'd name  
In the bright annals of distinguish'd fame :



Bade them the deathless crown of glory seize;  
 The crown, that, cull'd labour's arduous grove,  
 The sister graces for his temples wove,  
 Who dared, amidst a loose and venal state,  
 Look down superior to th' alluring bait,  
 And spurn the sluggard bed of downy ease.

## II.

Oh say what soul-supporting thought  
 In that dread hour inspir'd th' Athenian sage;  
 When victim to a factious rage,  
 Unmov'd he quaff'd the fatal bowl:  
 Thy influence fortified his soul,  
 And temper'd to his taste the bitter draught.  
 Rob'd in religion's purer vest,  
 Whilst every heighten'd charm more fair appear'd,  
 Martyrs thy consecrated form confess'd.  
 Hail'd truth's bright dictates, and thy power revered  
 Nor lure, nor threats their fix'd resolves could shake,  
 For thee they soared above the narrow views,  
 The scenes that more contracted minds amuse,  
 And smil'd amidst the tortures of the stake.

## III.

Estrang'd from pleasure's soft embrace,  
 Whoe'er aspire's in glory's race  
 By proof of many a noble deed  
 To win the prize for him decreed  
 Who virtue's height attains;  
 His name the muse, chaste virtue's friend,

Shall bid, emblaz'd in purest strains,  
 To the bold arch of heaven ascend :  
 And whilst the golden numbers flow,  
 Where all the graces all their influence breathe ;  
 Fair fame with never-fading wreath  
 Shall deck his laurell'd brow.

.....

O D E T O A M B I T I O N.

BY THE SAME.

O'ER midnight glass, or by the fair  
 In dalliance soft carest ;  
 Without a thought, without a care  
 To discompenſe their reſt,  
 The meaner herd exulting pant to rove  
 The flowery paths of pleaſure's fairy grove :

While more determined boſoms glow  
 With high ambition's fires ;  
 Source of whate'er is great below,  
 The grave of mean deſires :  
 Adieu for them the pleaſure-winged hour,  
 Adieu the bed of eaſe, the Paphian bow'r !

Tho'

Tho' rough the paths that lead to fame,  
 Their steps no toils dismay;  
 Ambition aids the generous aim,  
 And smoothes the rugged way :  
 With all its lustre bids bright virtue shine,  
 And into action wakes the big design.

What breaks th' aspiring statesman's rest?  
 What gives the muse to sing?  
 Ambition wakes his anxious breast,  
 And plumes her towering wing :  
 Instructs the feeble monarch how to bear  
 The crown, and all the thorns that fasten there.

The general's wakeful bosom fires,  
 And guards the jealous camp;  
 The scholar's flattering hope inspires,  
 And trims the midnight lamp :  
 The pride of arts from fair ambition springs,  
 And blooms secure beneath her fostering wings.

Oft, goddess, as thy genial ray  
 Pervades the feeling heart,  
 Love trembling quits his sensual sway,  
 And drops his feeble dart :  
 The flowers, that in the Paphian garden grow,  
 Fade in the wreath that rounds the hero's brow.

Pleasure

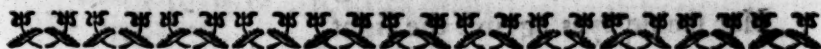
Pleasure retreats with wanton smiles,  
 And strength-unnerving eyes ;  
 Hoping in vain by Parthian wiles  
 To conquer as she flies :  
 Sloth with reluctance quits her foul embrace,  
 Rough care and manly toil assume her place.

Virtue with firm quaternion band  
 His eager steps precedes ;  
 A flambeau grasping in her hand,  
 To light to glorious deeds :  
 The sifter-train his toils with glory crown,  
 And point the arduous paths to fair renown.

By these inspired young Scipio trod  
 To fame th' adventurous way ;  
 " By love, he cry'd, let Paphos' god  
 The softer soul betray ;  
 A nobler quarry lures the hero's eye :"  
 He spoke, and bade th' unconquered eagle fly.

Hence then, ye slaves, whom ease delights  
 To yon lone cloyster stray,  
 Where monkish apathy invites,  
 To doze tame life away :  
 True worth, that spurns the hermit's sluggard cell,  
 In glory's active courts delights to dwell.





ODE TO THE ATHEIST.

BY THE SAME.

**E**XPATiate long in nice debate,  
On chance, necessity, and fate;

With learn'd Lucretius stray  
In Epicurus' magic grove,  
Where the self-motioned atoms rove  
In mazy mystic play.

Some vain hypothesis admit,  
The specious cobweb-work of wit;  
And daringly deny  
What every object round avows,  
What every act of reason shews,  
An all-wise deity.

The clearest evidence contest,  
Divinely stamped on every breast,  
Since time was taught to roll;  
In error's gloomy coverts stray,  
From truth's indisputable ray  
Remote, as pole from pole.

So

So shuts the moping bird of night  
Her feeble eyes against the light,  
That glads the chearful day ;  
And when prevailing darkness reigns,  
Thro' groves obscene, or dreary plains  
She wings her dubious way.

Consult the blue expanse on high,  
The blush that paints the morning sky,  
The cloud that nimbly rides,  
The orbs that mark with lustre bright  
The spangled mantle of the night,  
Who there supreme resides.

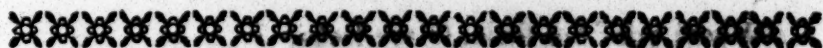
Question the gaudy flowers around,  
That scent the air, or paint the ground,  
Whose influence they obey ;  
Whose hand imparts the various dyes,  
At whose command they bud and rise,  
At whose command decay.

Say ye on down, or mountain steep,  
That stately tread, or lowly creep,  
And ye aërial throng ;  
That cheer the woodland scene and fields  
With vocal strains ; whose bounty yields,  
Or sustenance or song.

Who

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,  
 The tenants of the watry plain  
 With liberal hand supplies?  
 The floods in icy fetters binds,  
 Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,  
 Or bids the tempest rise?

Nature in every mystic scene  
 Declares a plastic author's reign :  
 Above the morning's wings,  
 Beyond the seas remotest tides,  
 Beneath the deedal earth resides  
 Th' almighty King of Kings.



## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

**R**EMOTE from those enchanting bowers,  
 Where dance the nimble-footed hours,  
 Where revels frantic folly;  
 To thee I bring the tribute tear,  
 Visits the muse thy mansions drear,  
 Heart-searching melancholy.

By

By thee inspir'd, by fancy led,  
Thy hallowed ground I seem to tread,  
Where o'er the joyless plain  
The æther sheds its blackest hue,  
And here and there a lonely yew  
Marks melancholy's reign.

Where chearful gales forget to blow,  
Pellucid currents cease to flow,  
The cloud capped mountain's height  
All avenues of the dreary way  
Secures from each pervading ray  
Of soul-enlivening light.

Where grief sad social solace seeks,  
The rose has fled her meagre cheeks,  
And hollow is her eye ;  
Care on her lap reclines his head,  
Whilst hovering round the restless bed  
The winged chimeras fly.

Racked with ideal tortures spleen  
A thousand fiends unknown, unseen,  
With shadowy falcheons scare ;  
This rends her breast, that goads her sides,  
And every hag of fancy rides  
The phantom thro' the air.



Hark softly stealing on the ear  
 The hollow sigh, the dropping tear,  
 The music of despair;  
 Not lovers sorrow-mocking sighs,  
 Or mimic grief that melts the eyes  
 Of youthful widowed fair.

Sorrows that orphan bosoms pierce,  
 Poured o'er a tender parent's hearth,  
 Snatched by un pitying fate;  
 No fostering hand's kind solace nigh,  
 Each summer friend with wayward eye  
 Surveys their helpless state.

Thus the vague group of vernal flies,  
 While Titan gilds the cloudless skies,  
 Sport in the glistering ray:  
 The splendid scene once overcast  
 By lowering cloud, or adverse blast,  
 Each insect veers away.

When pleasure's madding tide o'erflows  
 The rapt breast, to those doleful cells  
 Of misery let me stray;  
 There shall thought-fostering solitude,  
 Whilst no fantastic joys intrude,  
 Each devious step recal to virtue's rugged way.



## O D E O N E N V Y,

BY THE SAME.

## I.

**B**ENEATH yon chain of barren rocks,  
 Where niggard nature ne'er unlocks  
 One hoard of chearful green ;  
 The brown yew forms a gloomy shade,  
 The blasted oak erects its head,  
 A dreary wasteful scene.  
 Oh haste, oh fly, th' accursed cell,  
 Where envy's fiendly faction dwell ;  
 Else shall her glance, malignant cast,  
 The fairest shoots of merit blast :  
 He risks his ease, who ventures nigh  
 The baleful witchcraft of her eye.

## II.

Ev'n now from her infernal dark abyfs,  
 At merit's name she lifts her head,  
 At merit's name prepared to shed  
 Their influence all her snaky tresses hiss.  
 Ev'n now the languid mind oppress,  
 Droops under horrors damp and chill,  
 Whilst heaves the sigh from the distended breast,  
 Slow winds the tide of life along each azure rill

Arise

Arise, my muse, the chorded shell prepare,  
Awake the drowsy string;  
For thou canst lull the gathering storms of care,  
Thou canst disarm dire envy of her sting,  
And smooth the haggard brow of fell despair.

III.

Ah strange reverse of honest joys!  
The pale eyed fiend elate  
Smiles, if adversity annoys  
Her neighbour's hapless state.  
Yet spleen oppressive marring her cheer,  
And signs the bitter day:  
For envy drops the scalding tear,  
When all the world is gay.  
The tenant of some narrow mind,  
She bids suspicion launch the dart;  
Whilst all her secret powers combined  
Excite the poignant smart  
Slow halts ill-nature in the rear,  
That poisons as she probes the wound,  
And rumour's noisome breath is near,  
To waft the poison round.

I. I.

Say, Theron, yet shall torpid fear  
Obstruct thy virtue's high career,  
Shall envy's menace wrest  
Thy merit's well directed aim,  
And quench the noble thirst of fame  
That warms thy youthful breast?

Oh no: pursue the glorious road  
 A Bacon, Hide, and Osborne trod :  
 Her snaky head tho' envy rear,  
 Fame's eagle wing thy name shall bear  
 O'er black oblivion's frozen sea,  
 Ranked with great chiefs of old in immortality.



# O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY THE SAME.

**H**ENCE meagre pale disease,  
 From the crude banquets of intemperance bred;  
 Nursed in the sluggard bed,  
 And folded in the arms of pamper'd ease :  
 Hence to Bœotian bogs ;  
 Whence humid Auster on his dropping wings  
 Gross exhalations brings,  
 Where rank effluvia from the marshy brake,  
 Or murky stagnate lake  
 Pregnant with ills arise in misty fogs.  
 And come, Hygeia, bland and fair,  
 Flushed with the glow of morning air ;  
 With coral lip and sparkling eye,  
 Complexion of ensanguined dye ;

With



With chearful smile, and open brow,  
 Where care could ne'er one furrow plow;  
 With steady step, and aspect sleek,  
 The rose that glows on Stella's cheek,  
 And snowy bosom, whence exhales  
 The sweetness of Etesian gales.

In sylvan scenes is thy delight,  
 To climb the towering mountain's height,  
 Or blithely on thy native plain,  
 To gambol with the Dryad train.  
 Those plains, where in unguarded hour  
 Far from the ken of her chaste bower,  
 As o'er the dew-bespangled glade  
 Roved temperance the mountain maid;  
 She stopped, in fixt attention viewing  
 Lusty exercise pursuing;  
 With missive shaft and beechen spear,  
 Thro' opening lawns the trembling deer.  
 The god surveys the musing dame,  
 The lover quits his flying game:  
 His tresses dropped with morning dew,  
 While to the wood-nymph's arms he flew;  
 And from their hale embraces sprung  
 Hygeia, ever fair and young.

Long, virgin, may thy genial fire  
 Each late exhausted vein inspire  
 The crimson tide of life renew,  
 And give to glide in channels blue.

Thee wit and mirth spontaneous serve,  
 That give a tone to every nerve,  
 Invoke thee, harmony's bright queen,  
 To tune the disarranged machine.  
 The glow of Titan's orient ray  
 Thy happy pencil shall pourtray  
 With grace more exquisite, than lies  
 In Guido's air, or Titian's dyes ;  
 Hence the pale hue of sickness chase,  
 And call up each reviving grace.  
 O'er which as late with haggard hand  
 Consumption shook her magic wand ;  
 Nature's last debt prepared to pay  
 Youth's drooping flowers 'gan fade away.  
 No crimson hue was seen to glow,  
 The stagnate blood forgot to flow ;  
 Their lustre fled, the languid eyes  
 Stood fixt in motionless surprise ;  
 Each sense seemed lost in endless night,  
 The trembling soul was winged for flight :  
 Which death's rude shaft had half set free  
 In unconceived eternity.

Then, Varus, was the power displayed  
 Of medicine's heaven directed aid.  
 Versed in each drug's balsamic use  
 The Dædal foils of earth produce,  
 In every flower of every hue,  
 And herb that drinks the morning dew,

Thy

Thy lenient hand allayed each throw,  
 And gave a milder face to woe :  
 Bade the bold pulse elastic play,  
 The eye emit its vivid ray,  
 Called back the flitting life again,  
 And health inspired thro' every vein.

Again thrills with her genial zest  
 Each nerve ; again my languid breast  
 Visits the cherub joy. For this  
 May thy auspicious heart ne'er miss,  
 Oft as the fair for charms decayed  
 Implores thy salutary aid,  
 To smoothe the lovely mourner's brow,  
 And bid reviving beauties glow ;  
 To sooth the tender parent's cries,  
 And wipe the tears from infant eyes.

But chief, my muse, with reverent awe  
 To him, whose will is nature's law,  
 Thy hymns of gratulation pay,  
 To him direct the tribute lay,  
 From whom derives the balmy pill  
 Its virtues, the phisician skill :  
 That o'er each act and thought presides,  
 Directs his hand, his counsel guides.  
 Else medicine's unavailing store  
 Shall vainly glide thro' every pore,  
 Thro' every pore the mineral rill  
 In vain its gifted powers instill.

Father divine, eternal king,  
 To thee I wake the trembling string :  
 If mad ambition ne'er missed,  
 In paths where virtue dares not tread,  
 My vagrant step ; if sordid views  
 Ne'er won the prostituted muse ;  
 For others let Pactolus flow,  
 Let honour wreath another's brow :  
 Health I entreat ; whose jocund throng  
 Wantons each laughing grace among ;  
 With health the dancing minutes crowned  
 The field of all my wishes bound.



# PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

**O**FT I've implor'd the gods in vain,  
 And pray'd till I've been weary :  
 For once I'll seek my wish to gain  
 Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton spright,  
 Who liv'lt in woods unseen ;  
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light  
 Trip'lt gaily o'er the green ;

If



If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd  
 As ancient stories tell ;  
 And for a th' Athenian maid who lov'd,  
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell,

Oh ! deign once more t' exert thy pow'r !  
 Haply some herb or tree,  
 Sov'reign as juice from western flow'r,<sup>a</sup>  
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,  
 No tempting charm to please ;  
 Far from the heart such gifts remove,  
 That fights for peace and ease !

Nor ease, nor peace that heart, can know,  
 That, like the needle true,  
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe ;  
 But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,  
 'Tis pain in each degree :  
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—  
 Beyond—is agony.

<sup>a</sup> See Midsummer's night dream.

Then take this treach'rous sense of mine,  
Which dooms me still to smart ;  
Which pleasure can to pain refine ;  
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh ! haste to shed the sov'reign balm,  
My shatter'd nerves new-string ;  
And for my guest, serenely calm,  
The nymph indiff'rence bring !

At her approach, see hope, see fear,  
See expectation fly !  
And disappointment in the rear,  
That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears, which pity taught to flow,  
My eyes shall then disown ;  
The heart, that throb'd at others woe,  
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,  
Each moment then shall close ;  
And tranquil days shall still succeed  
To night's of sweet repose.

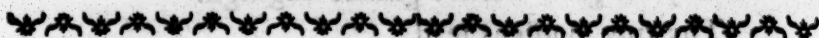
Oh ! fairy-elf, but grant me this,  
This one kind comfort send !  
And so may never-fading bliss  
Thy flow'ry paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light  
 Thy tiny footsteps lead  
 To some new region of delight,  
 Unknown to mortal tread!

And by thy acorn goblet fill'd  
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew,  
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,  
 That shed fresh sweets for you!

And what of life remains for me,  
 I'll pass in sober ease;  
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,  
 Content—but half to please.





THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY MR. GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,  
By nature's kindest bounty spread  
Along the vale of flowers!  
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,  
Or Philomel's melodious love,  
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day  
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,  
Nor night her comfort brings:  
I have no pleasure in the rose:  
For me no vernal beauty blows,  
Nor Philomela sings.

See, how the sturdy peasants stride,  
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,  
In cheerful ignorance blest!  
Alike to them the rose or thorn,  
Alike arises every morn,  
By gay contentment drest.

Content,



Content, fair daughter of the skies,  
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,  
Her choice divinely free,  
She visits oft the hamlet-cot,  
When want and sorrow are the lot  
Of avarice and me.

But see—or is it fancy's dream?  
Methought a bright celestial gleam  
Shot sudden thro' the groves.  
Behold, behold, in loose array,  
Euphrosyne more bright than day,  
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh! welcome, pleasure's queen!  
And see, along the velvet green,  
The jocund train advance:  
With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,  
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair  
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,  
When to the feeling wretch is giv'n,  
A foul alive to joy!  
Joys fly with every hour away,  
And leave the unguarded heart a prey  
To cares, that peace destroy.

And

And see, with visionary haste,  
(Too soon the gay delusion past)

Reality remains !

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,  
And horror drives without controul,  
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,  
What beauties, fay, ye nymphs belong

To the distemper'd foul ?

I see the lawn of hideous dye,  
The towering elm nods misery,  
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,

Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,

Ye were for misery made—

'Twas thus the man of sorrow spoke,

His wayward step then pensive took  
Along th' unhallow'd shade.



THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

YES, to the sages be it told,  
However great, or wise, or old,—  
Fair pleasure's my pursuit ;  
For her I breathe the joyful day,  
For her thro' nature's wilds I stray,  
And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string,  
And all thy sweets lov'd luxury bring !

“ To enjoy is to obey ;”  
The heavenly mandate still prevail,  
And let each unwise wretch bewail  
The dire neglected day.

Ah ! graceless wretch ! to disobey,  
And devious quit the flowery way,  
And slight the gods decree !  
Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send !  
If e'er my guilty hands offend,  
Indeed my heart is free.

In

In pleasure's ray see nature shine,  
How dull, alas! at wisdom's shrine !

“ 'Tis folly to be wise :”

Collusive term, poor vain pretence,  
Enjoyment sure is real sense  
In philosophic eyes.

I love the trol of the hound,  
Enraptur'd on the living ground  
In dashing ecstacy ;  
I love the aukward courser's stride,  
The courser that has been well-tried,  
And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye sneering wife !—  
Fair honour, spurning still at lies,  
As courting liberty ;  
Still hand in hand great nature goes,  
With joys to honour never foes,  
And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to British land,  
From Italy's voluptuous strand,  
Ye destin'd men of art ;  
Breathe on the thrilling meaning sound,  
Each grace shall still be faithful found,  
At your admirer's heart.

Avert,



Avert, ye gods ! that curse of fools,

The pride of theoretic rules ;

That dupery of sense :

I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,

With every good—that can annoy—

Most easily dispense.

I catch each rapture as it flies,

Each happy loss a gain supplies,

And boon still follows boon :

The smile of beauty gilds my day,

Regardless of her frowns I stray ;—

Thus thro' my hours I run !

But let me not for idle rhyme,

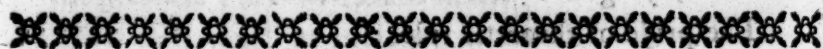
Neglect, ungrateful, good old time :

Dear watch ! thou art obey'd—

'Twas thus the man of pleasure spoke,

His jovial step then careless took

To Celia—or her maid.



## V E R S E S.

SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG, NOT LONG  
BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH.

**K**IND companion of my youth,  
Lov'd for genius, worth and truth!

Take what friendship can impart,

Tribute of a feeling heart;

Take the muse's latest spark,

Ere we drop into the dark.

He, who parts and virtue gave,

Bad thee look beyond thy grave:

Genius soars, and virtue guides,

Where the love of God presides.

There's a gulph 'twixt us and God;

Let the gloomy path be trod:

Why stand shivering on the shore;

Why not boldly venture o'er;

Where unerring virtue guides

Let us brave the winds and tides:

Safe, thro' seas of doubts and fears,

Rides the bark which virtue steers.

V E R S E S

VERSES UNDER THE BUSTO OF COMUS IN A  
BUFFET AT HAMMERSMITH.

E A U G U S T M D C C L .

B Y T H E S A M E .

**W**HILE rosy wreaths the goblet deck,  
Thus Comus spoke, or seem'd to speak :

- “ This place for social hours design'd,
- “ May care and business never find.
- “ Come every muse, without restraint
- “ Let genius prompt, and fancy paint ;
- “ Let wit and mirth, with friendly strife,
- “ Chase the dull gloom that saddens life :
- “ True wit, that firm to virtue's cause
- “ Respects religion and the laws ;
- “ True mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
- “ To modest ears and decent eyes ;
- “ Let these indulge their liveliest follies,
- “ Both scorn the canker'd help of malice ;
- “ True to their country and their friend,
- “ Both scorn to flatter or offend.”



P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL V. MDCCL. BEFORE  
THE MASQUE OF COMUS, ACTED AT DRURY-LANE,  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

**Y**E patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,  
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,  
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,  
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;  
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,  
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!  
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage  
With close malevolence, or public rage;  
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,  
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.  
This night distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,  
That never Briton can in vain excel;  
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,  
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays  
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;

And



And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,  
 Yields to renown the centuries to come.  
 With ardent haste, each candidate of fame  
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name :  
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow  
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below.  
 While crouds aloft the laureat bust behold,  
 Or trace his form on circulating gold,  
 Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,  
 And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.  
 What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,  
 No fav'ring muse her morning-dreams inspire ?  
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage ;  
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age :  
 Her's the mild merits of domestic life ;  
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.  
 Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,  
 Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms,  
 Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,  
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.  
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wife, ye brave !  
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave !

## THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON. AN ECLOGUE.

BY S. J. ESQ.

**B**Y his hall chimney, where in rusty grate  
 Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,  
 In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,  
 Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:  
 A pipe just fill'd upon a table near  
 Lay by the London-evening stain'd with beer,  
 With half a bible, on whose remnants torn  
 Each parish round was annually forsworn.  
 The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,  
 Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;  
 But soon discerning with sagacious nose,  
 The well known flavour of the parson's toes,  
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose:  
 The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,  
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,  
 Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?  
 Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!  
 See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?  
 At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I see;  
 Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,  
 'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.  
 My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax;  
 My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe:  
 My barns are half unthatch'd, untill'd my house,  
 Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:  
 See there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!  
 Long as the land contended for, — and lost:  
 Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,  
 So short my pocket is, so long the score;  
 At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—  
 This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed,  
 No wonder; when we scarce believe our creed;  
 When purblind reason's deem'd the surest guide,  
 And heav'n-born faith at her tribunal try'd;  
 When all church-pow'r is thought to make men slaves,  
 Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools, and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come preach no more, but drink and hold your tongue:  
 I'm for the church: — but think the parsons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! free-thinking now so rank is grown,  
 It spreads infection through each country town;

Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,  
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,  
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing;

'SQUIRE.

Come drink;—

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king :

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king, I hate the glass shou'd stand,  
Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,  
Unless we soon repeal the toleration,  
And to the church restore the convocation: }

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we shou'd feel sufficient, on my word,  
Starv'd by two houses, priest-ridden by a third.  
For better days we lately had a chance,  
Had not the honest plaids been trick'd by France:

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?  
You love the church, yet wish for the pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean,  
Turn whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:  
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.  
What's here? sure some strange news, a boy with letters;

Oh;



Oh, ho! here's one I see, from parson Sly:  
" My rev'rend neighbour Squab being like to die,  
" I hope, if heav'n should please to take him hence,  
" To ask the living wou'd be no offence.

PARSON.

Have you not swore, that I shou'd Squab succeed?  
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;  
How oft discover'd pufs on new-plow'd land,  
How oft supported you with friendly hand,  
When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your worship stand. }

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;  
Now ev'n go court the bishops or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die,  
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,  
Like that old presbyterian rascal Sly.  
I am, you know, a right true-hearted tory,  
Love a good glafs, a merry song, or story. }

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—  
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.  
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;  
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,  
How pleasing's the condition you assign?  
Give me the sparkling glafs, and here, d'ye see,  
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:

Great queen ! who governeſt this earthly ball,  
 And mak'ſt both kings, and kingdoms, riſe and fall :  
 Whoſe wond'rous pow'r in ſecret all things rules,  
 Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools :  
 Diſpenſes miters, coronets and ſtars ;  
 Involves far diſtant realms in bloody wars,  
 Then bids the ſnaky treſſes ceaſe to hiſs,  
 And gives them peace again — <sup>d</sup> nay gav'ſt us this :  
 Whoſe health does health to all mankind impart,  
 Here's to thy much lov'd health :

's QUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—With all my heart.



## ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN.

BY DR. J. LANGHORNE.

**D**elightful Eden ! parent ſtream,  
 Yet ſhall the maids of mem'ry ſay,  
 When, led by fancy's fairy dream,  
     My young ſteps trac'd thy winding way ;  
 How oft along thy mazy ſhore,  
 Where ſlowly wav'd the willows hoar,  
     In penſive thought their poet ſtray'd ;

<sup>d</sup> Madam de P—mp—dour.

Or,

Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side,  
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,  
Bright thro' trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,  
Where once with infant-joy he play'd,  
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,  
The azure worlds below survey'd :  
Led by the rosy-handed hours,  
When time trip'd o'er that bank of flowers,  
Which in thy chrystal bosom smil'd :  
Tho' old the god, yet light and gay,  
He flung his glafs, his scythe away,  
And seem'd himself, a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near  
Would whisper to thy murmurs free ;  
Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,  
And trembles when I sigh for thee.  
Yet seated on thy shelving brim,  
Can fancy see the Naiads trim  
Burnish their green locks in the sun ;  
Or at the last lone hour of day,  
To chase the lighty glancing jay,  
In airy circles run.

But, fancy, can thy mimic power  
Again those happy moments bring ?

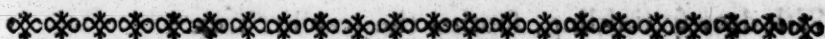
Can't

Can't thou restore that golden hour,  
 When young joy wav'd his laughing wing?  
 When first in Eden's rosy vale,  
 My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,  
 The vow sincere, devoid of guile!  
 While Delia in her panting breast,  
 With sighs, the tender thought suppress'd,  
 And look'd as angels smile.

O goddess of the chrystal brow,  
 That dwell'st the golden meads among;  
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,  
 Whose murmurs melodize my song!  
 Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,  
 Which brightening glow'd in fancy's ray,  
 When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,  
 The Dryad, nature, bar'd her breast,  
 And left, in naked charms impress'd,  
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of memory fair  
 No more in golden visions play;  
 No friendship smoothes the brow of care,  
 No Delia's smile approves my lay.  
 Yet, love and friendship lost to me,  
 'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,  
 And in thy breast this moral find;  
 That life, tho' stain'd with sorrow's showers,  
 Shall flow serene, while virtue pours  
 Her sunshine on the mind.





O D E T O E V E N I N G.

BY MR. HENLEY.

**H**AIL, sober nymph, in cloudy vest bedight!  
At thy approach the weary plough-man sings,  
As thro' the gloomy lane  
He drives his team afield;  
When Phœbus joys to rest on Thetis' lap,  
Thou gently skimming o'er the misty fields,  
Adorn'st with vernal dew  
The drooping cowslip's head,  
And from the hare-bell call'st the jocund fays  
To sport in circles o'er the velvet plain;  
Soon as thy star appears,  
The cawing rocks retire  
To the dark grove, and seek their waving nests;  
While from yon mould'ring tow'r the grey-ey'd owl  
Offers in dismal note,  
Her ev'ning orisons;  
And the amphibious bat, with piercing shriek,  
Flirts round the weary pilgrim's aching head;  
On the majestic oak  
The chaffer-swarms rejoice;  
And

And from the distant fold the simple bell,  
With drowsy tinkling, soothes the traveller's ear:

Now ev'ry passion sleeps;

E'en restless pride subsides;

Corroding envy, and soul-conqu'ring love,

No longer now distract the human breast,

But all within is peace

And deep serenity.

“ Indulgent ev'ning ! oft may I appear

“ A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train !

Do thou unlock the springs

Of health and poetry !



#### ALLEN AND ELLA. A FRAGMENT.

**O**N the banks of that crystalline stream  
Where Thames, oft, his current delays;  
And charms, more than poets can dream,  
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys;

Fair Ella ! of all the gay throng  
The fairest that nature had seen,  
Now, drew ev'ry village, along,  
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah !

Ah ! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r,  
For short is the triumph, ye fair !  
Not fleeter the bloom of each flow'r ;  
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain, now, behold  
By riches endeavours to prove !  
But Ella, still, cries what is gold,  
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love ?

Yes ! Allen, together, we'll wield  
Our sickles in summer's bright day ;  
Together we'll leaze, o'er the field,  
And smile all our labours away.

In winter ! I'll winnow the wheat  
As it falls from thy flail on the ground :  
That flail will be music as sweet  
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft wou'd he speak of his blifs !  
How oft wou'd he call her his maid !  
And Allen wou'd seal with a kiss  
Ev'ry promise and vow that he laid.

But, hark ! o'er the grafs-level \* land,  
The village bells found on the plain ;

\* The village of Petersham.

False Allen! this morn gave his hand,  
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale!  
Too soon the sad cause she was told!  
That his was a nymph of the vale:  
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,  
Which befringes the sweet river's side,  
How oft', was she languishing seen!  
How oft', wou'd she gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as she fate,  
Which reflected herself and the mead;  
Awhile! she bewept her sad fate,  
And the green turf, still, pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I see!  
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid!  
Ah! no, 'tis some Ella, like me,  
Some hapless young virgin betray'd!

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;  
Like me! she has, fondly, believ'd;  
Like me! her true promise she kept,  
And, like me, too, is justly, deceiv'd.

I come,



I come, dear companion in grief!

Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!

I come! and we'll gather relief

From bosoms so chaste and so true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night:

And wept out the day, in despair!

Like you! I have banish'd delight,

And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows! so lovely farewell,

Your velvet, still, Allen shall tread!

All deaf to the sound of that knell

Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure! be obey'd;

Nor, Allen her loss shall bemoan!

Soon, soon! shall poor Ella be laid

Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,

Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate:

As, together, ye draw the free air,

And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,

Ye dare to affect a fond sigh!

The primrose will shrink her pale head,

And the violet languish and die.

Ah!

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;  
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream ;  
 Tears ! are lost in that wat'ry plain ;  
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce ! echo had gather'd the sound,  
 But she plung'd from her grafs-springing bed :  
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,  
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,  
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew ;  
 There wonder how man cou'd deceive  
 A bosom so chaste, and so true.

With garlands, of ev'ry flow'r,  
 (Which Ella, herself shou'd have made)  
 They raise up a short-living bow'r ;  
 And, fighting ! cry, " Peace to her shade."

Then ! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move  
 The green-platting hillock, around :  
 They talk of poor Ella, and love ;  
 And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish ! they had never been born,  
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view !  
 When her Allen cou'd thus be forsworn,  
 And his Ella cou'd still, be so true.



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